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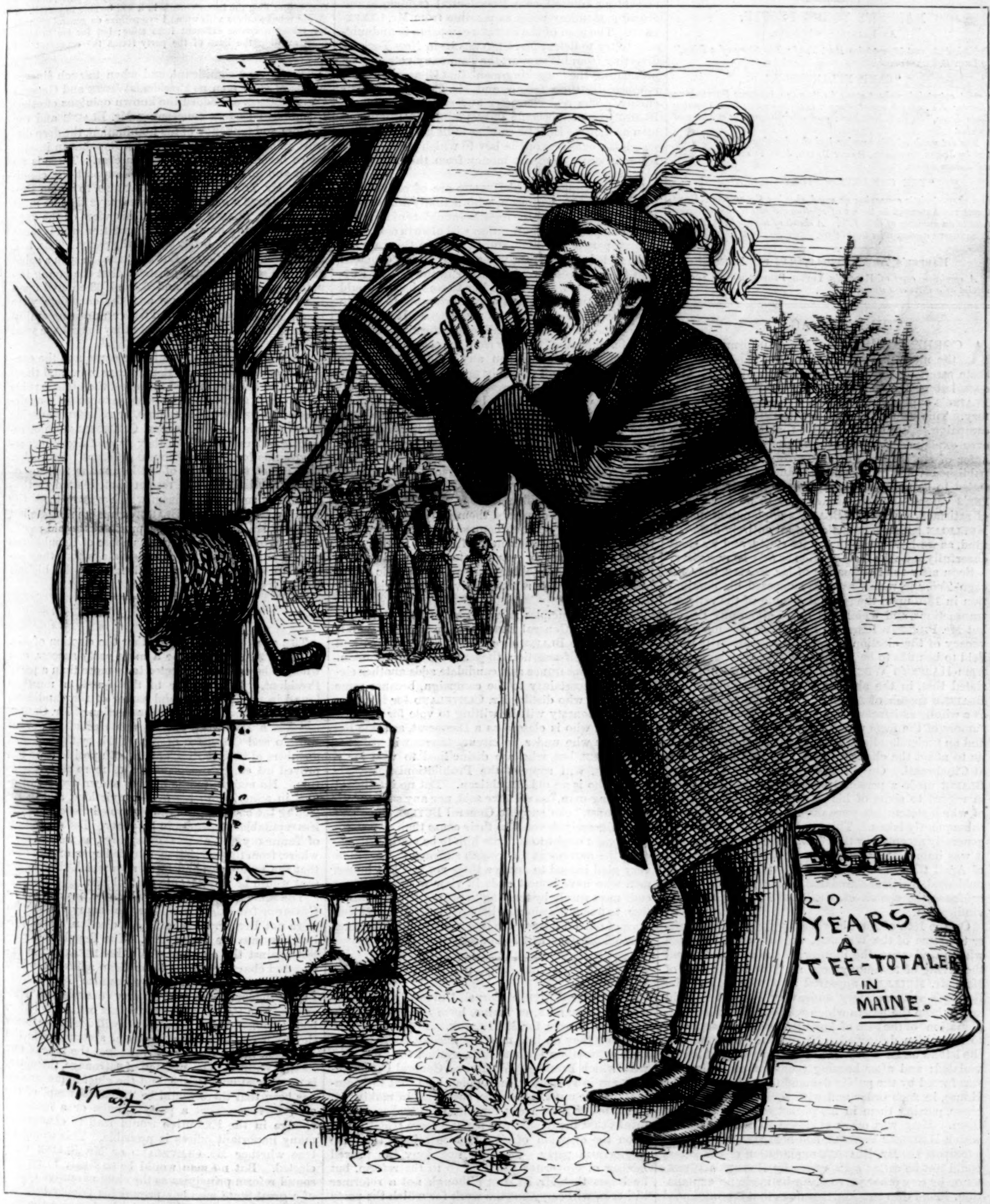
20 YEARS A TEE-TOTALER IN MAINE.
Th. Nast

HE THINKS HE CAN.

"Can he (BLAINE) satisfy, or, at least, pacify, them [the Germans] without angering irreconcilably the Prohibition Republicans? He is as smart as he is said to be if—he can."—*New York Sun.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 23, 1884.

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THE FACTS AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT in Maine informs us that the more unscrupulous Blaine papers in that State assert that after the publication of the Mulligan letters Harper's Weekly declared that Mr. Blaine's explanation of them was perfectly satisfactory. This is an assertion characteristic of the Blaine campaign. We are not aware that Mr. Blaine has ever explained the Mulligan letters, except in the letter of Mr. Phelps to the *Evening Post*, which we published when it was issued, and which we then stated to be unsatisfactory. The article from Harper's Weekly which is alleged to be an expression of satisfaction with Mr. Blaine's explanation of the Mulligan letters is an article of an entirely different kind, as we have more than once stated, and we shall cheerfully state the facts as often as may be necessary.

Soon after the nomination of Mr. Blaine, the Chicago *Tribune*, which earnestly opposed his nomination in 1876 upon the general ground of the railroad transactions, and which has never given any reason but Mr. Phelps's letter for its present vehement advocacy of the election of a candidate whom it then held to be unfit to be nominated, published an article from Harper's Weekly, dated May 13, 1876, which stated that, in the absence of further evidence, Mr. Blaine's speech of April 24, 1876, must be regarded as a wholly satisfactory explanation. There had been rumors of the facts which have been since disclosed, and an understanding that they were to be made public to affect the chances of Mr. Blaine's nomination at Cincinnati. On the 24th of April, therefore, Mr. Blaine made a personal explanation in the House in regard to some of his railroad transactions, some of which statements were disproved by the evidence subsequently taken. This explanation, however, was generally accepted by the country as satisfactory, and it was immediately after this explanation of the 24th of April that the article in Harper's Weekly was published, which declared that, *in the absence of other evidence*, the speech of Mr. Blaine was a complete vindication.

On the 15th of May, however, and several days after the issue of the Weekly, which was dated somewhat in advance, the inquiry of the committee and the giving of testimony began. Toward the end of May Mr. Mulligan appeared as a witness, and Mr. Blaine's extraordinary endeavors began to obtain and to keep the letters which when he made his "explanation" of the 24th of April he apparently supposed to have been destroyed. He obtained possession of the letters under a promise to return them, which he violated; and after keeping them for some time he was forced by the public demand to read them in the House, in such order and with such comment as he chose, putting them in his pocket when he had read them. Here was other evidence, in the absence of which Harper's Weekly had held Mr. Blaine to be exculpated. Mr. Blaine's explanation of the letters could not be called satisfactory by Harper's Weekly or by any other journal, for he made no explanation. And the assertion, therefore, that it pronounced such an explanation satisfactory is a deliberate falsification of the fact, and the reproduction of its article of May 13, which was published before the scope of the charges against Mr. Blaine and the evidence to sustain them were known—except as he chose to state the matter on the 24th of April—as proof of its inconsistency is worthy of the newspapers which hope to secure the election of Mr. Blaine by carefully excluding from their columns all allusion to the real grounds of the wide-spread and significant Republican protest against the shame and the peril of his nomination, and which affect to think it extraordinary that any original Republican should refuse to vote for a candidate who in the face of his own letters and of all the evidence has not insisted upon the completion of the investigation.

A SIDE SHOW.

After long reflection General Butler has decided that he can aid Mr. Blaine's chances most surely by presenting himself as a Presidential candidate, and drawing as many votes as possible from Mr. Cleveland. The plan of the Butler campaign is undoubtedly to try to defeat Mr. Cleveland in New York by diverting from his support the Tammany vote, and by persuading the "working-men" that General Butler is especially their friend, and Mr. Cleveland their enemy. The real character and significance of the Blaine canvass become only plainer to intelligent men as they see Butler coming to its aid, and as they watch the evasions of the law to which its managers resort in order to extort money from the public employés.

The real supporters of Butler are of course very few—supporters, we mean, who actually wish to see him President. But the regular candidate of any considerable political organization will always command a large part of its votes, and to these in this case are to be added the ignorant voters who can be persuaded that their interests would be safer in the care of Butler, and those who "would like to see what he would do"—a feeling which was very serviceable to him in his remarkable canvass two years ago. It would be very difficult for any intelligent "working-man" or "anti-monopolist" to show from the career of General Butler what course upon any public question he would or would not probably pursue. The one thing which his career has impressed upon the public mind is that he will do whatever he thinks will most certainly advance his own fortunes. In other words, no man in our recent politics has more impressed the country as a demagogue than he. A man like Butler and men like the Tammany leaders know instinctively that from a firm, courageous, independent, upright, and honorable public officer like Mr. Cleveland they have nothing to hope. He has not hesitated to defy and disregard them in the past, and he would no less reject their counsel, their cajolery, and their attempted coercion in the future. In this campaign they naturally gravitate to the candidate who represents political jobbery and an easy public virtue rather than to the representative of administrative honesty.

Political principles it would be as hard to find in the career of General Butler as in Tammany Hall or among the Blaine dynamiters. Impudence and vociferous self-assertion they all have in common. Butler's appearance as a candidate adds another element of uncertainty to the campaign, because some Democrats who dislike Mr. Cleveland for his firmness and honesty will be willing to vote for another candidate who is classed as a Democrat, as some Republicans who under no circumstances will vote for Mr. Blaine, but who are disinclined to vote for a Democrat, will support the Prohibitionist, Mr. St. John, who is an old Republican. But no intelligent "working-man," as we have said, nor any such "anti-monopolist," can suppose General Butler to be any more sincerely devoted to their cause than any sensible woman ought to suppose him to be really interested in the movement for woman suffrage. He will be very glad indeed to receive their votes. But honest men who have honest ends in view will serve those ends most surely by trusting to proved honesty rather than to fine professions of honesty. Honest performance of official duty is the best guarantee to the voter that official duty will be honestly performed.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

President White, of Cornell University, and General Chamberlain, of Maine, have announced their intention to vote for Mr. Blaine. But the manner in which they do it is most significant, and can give little consolation to those who, against the sentiment with which President White and General Chamberlain are in sympathy, and which held that the nomination was unfit to be made, succeeded in making it. President White votes for Mr. Blaine because he thinks that the Republican party is more trustworthy upon the question of civil service reform than the Democratic party. He does not deny the proved fidelity of Governor Cleveland to the reform, but he hopes that Mr. Blaine, although not a reformer hitherto, will carry out the work for which the party platform declares. But if the reform had been in any just sense earnestly desired by the party as a sincere party object, could a candidate like Mr. Blaine have been nominated? The endeavor of Republican reformers has been directed to make reform an accepted and honest party principle. But the nomination shows, at least, that their effort has not succeeded. If parties are to be judged by their action in Convention, the nomination of a pronounced civil service reformer, with quite pluck and official experience enough to stand by his principles, is very much more promising than a sound doctrine in the platform discredited by the nomination.

General Chamberlain does not disguise his distrust of the influences that procured the nomination of Mr. Blaine. It is with evident reluctance that he says of the report that he should vote for Mr. Cleveland:

> "It probably grew out of the feeling on the part of some of the 'ring men' in the Republican party that they had abused me so much that it would be more than human (or less) to expect me to support a party they expected to manage. But I am a Republican, and deem it the best course for me to stand by my party, in hopes that before long the best elements in it will be able to prevail. I do not rebuke others with whom I sympathize on general grounds for taking a course different from mine; but for me to abide quietly within the lines of the party seems the consistent and manly course."

This is very significant, and when to such sincere words of such men as President White and General Chamberlain are added the known opinions of other Republican leaders concerning Mr. Blaine and the wisdom and tendency of his nomination, the deep distrust and apprehension of the best Republican intelligence become more evident than ever. There is no heart and no hope in this kind of support of a candidate. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt also, to whom President White's letter is addressed, says that he must support Mr. Blaine because of his view of the duty of a delegate to a nominating Convention, and because he can do his work better within the party. This, too, is a reluctant position. But it was not in such a spirit and with such hesitating distrust that the young Republicans of '56 and '60 and '64 and '68 entered upon the campaign. The cause and the candidate were identified in their minds, and with an untiring enthusiasm of conviction and purpose they fought the good fight.

Such feeling, such pride in the cause and the candidate, are impossible to Republicans now, and those who have had the deepest faith and the highest pride in the party stand aloof, or propose to purge it by defeat of its unworthy candidate, or reluctantly decide to vote for him, with General Chamberlain, not rebuking others with whom they sympathize on general grounds for taking a course different from theirs. This is not the delight of battle nor the forecast of victory, and this is the reason that, instead of that electric storm of enthusiasm which was to thrill the country, we have in the Blaine campaign nothing but quibbles, shifts, and evasions, praise of the old party, a whirlwind of lies, and furious abuse of Republicans who decline to vote for a candidate whom they believe to have proved his unfitness for the highest official trust.

A FORECAST.

The question is asked whether the election of Mr. Cleveland would not be a mere party success, and whether he could be expected to be more than a party President. The answer to this question must be found in the character and career of the candidate, and in the circumstances of the election. Mr. Cleveland is a Democrat, but he was elected Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York by the votes of members of both parties, and in both positions he has proved his entire independence of mere party dictation. No man in public life has shown greater firmness in adhering to his own convictions, and in rejecting the counsels and the attempted coercion of the less reputable influences in his party. The opposition of Tammany and of Butler springs, as we say elsewhere, from the conviction, founded upon experience, that the tendencies and influences which they represent would be powerless to control him.

The same kind of support which he has derived as Governor from the knowledge that many voters who were not Democrats favored his election, would follow him into the Presidency. The Republican protest against the election of Mr. Blaine, and the extent and character of the Republican adhesion to Mr. Cleveland, would naturally confirm Mr. Cleveland's independence of evil party counsels and tendencies. As President White points out in his letter, both Democrats and Republicans will decline to touch the tariff or the general financial system, while the condition of the navy must influence the tone of our foreign policy. The question of patronage, therefore, is of especial importance, and the chief apprehension has been that there would be "a clean sweep" of the civil service. That a party change or a factional change in the Executive would lead to changes in many important offices is probable. This would be true whether Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Blaine were elected. But no man would be so likely to respect sound reform principles as the chief executive officer of a great State who has proved his fidelity to them against the pressure of powerful leaders and the factions of his own party. Mr. Blaine has never shown any interest in those principles, and if his practice as a political manager in Maine and elsewhere has conformed to them, it is unknown to us; and if his especial representatives in this campaign and the circle that would surround him in the Presidency are men who have any sincere practical faith in the reformed system, and resolute determination to enforce it, the fact is certainly not suspected by the country.

There has been no time in this generation when party differences had so little significance as now, and when the spirit and methods of administration were more important. As this is the time when Republicans are asked to prove their fidelity to their party by voting for a Presidential candidate who in the judgment of so many Republicans has demonstrated his unfitness for the office, it is peculiarly the moment for inquiring whether a party which makes an adequate declaration upon reform, and then nominates a candidate who seems to intelligent, patriotic, and disinterested members of the party to be lacking in official integrity, does not belie its own declaration, and invite for that occasion the profound distrust of voters who really desire reform. Such voters know that a proved civil service reformer like Mr. Cleveland, supported by a Congress as much in earnest as he, would carry the cause forward and not backward. And such voters must take care to vote for Representatives in Congress who are as intelligent and resolute in their faith and practice upon the subject as the Governor of New York has shown himself to be.

A WORD WORTH HEEDING.

The Independent address to the voters of Massachusetts is a vigorous and pungent appeal which ought not to be lost even upon Republicans who intend to vote for Mr. Blaine upon the ground that the party ought to be sustained. Every such Republican, unless he has taken leave of his common-sense, will admit that a time may come when it is not a duty to sustain the party without regard to the party measures or the party candidates.

This time will appear to different men to come at different times. But it is not surprising that many Republicans, upon looking at the arraignment of the party which is made by this address, and at the character of the nomination which has followed all that is recited in the address, may well feel that it is time to call a halt, unless they think that whatever is called Republican ought to be supported, at all costs, for that reason.

There is no more striking and suggestive passage in the address than that which, speaking of the Republican candidate, proceeds: "Upon the evidence already produced we believe him guilty, and we know that many of his prominent supporters share our belief. Their declarations before his nomination, their silence or their guarded language in public addresses since, are conclusive evidence of this."

STARVING AT CAPE SABINE.

The saddening accounts of privation and suffering at Cape Sabine, and the straits of starvation which drove some of the survivors, enfeebled in body and mind by the long and desperate struggle with hunger, to sustain their fast-failing life on the dead bodies of their comrades, reflect no dishonor on the men whom official imbecility, or worse negligence, left to starve where they should have found a plentiful supply of food. The discredit and dishonor rest elsewhere; and official investigation should at once, and with stern impartiality, fix the responsibility on the right parties, and mete out the severest punishment which can be inflicted upon them.

THE REFORMED CAB-DRIVER.

The New York Cab Company has already fulfilled an important part of its mission. It was organized in the belief that there was a demand for a speedier and more highly specialized conveyance than the horse-car or the omnibus, at rates which would remunerate the owners of the vehicles employed, without enabling a driver to retire on the immodest competency amassed by half a dozen engagements. In this aspect the company has been successful. It has also succeeded in the more difficult task of converting the old hack-driver to the proposition that there was more money to be made by carrying any ten passengers for one dollar each than one passenger for five dollars. The success of the new company induced many of the cab-drivers of the old and unreformed school to repaint their vehicles in imitation of the cheap cabs. The public, however, quickly ascertained that a cab was not necessarily cheap because it was yellow, and the apathy displayed by the public toward demi-yellow cabs has now induced a large number of cab-drivers to come down not only to, but below, the rates established by the pioneers of cheap cabs.

These rates are not yet so low that the war of rates in cabs threatens the same disastrous results as are threatened by a war of rates between the trunk lines. The rates established by the associated cab-drivers offer a tolerable approximation to the rates of foreign cities, considering the comparative cost here and abroad of other things. They may for a time be less remunerative than the old rates, simply because there are not so many people here as in London or Paris who may be classed as habitual riders in cabs. The taking of a cab in New York, except upon urgent occasions, has been an extravagance which none but rich men were justified in committing. To persuade people to whom time is only to a limited extent money that it may be worth their while to take cabs habitually instead of occasionally, or occasionally instead of not at all, requires not only the decisive lowering of fares which has already been effected; it requires also the lapse of some time in order to adjust the intellectual and locomotive habits of people to the new scale of prices. It is quite possible that, for a time, the cab-drivers of the association may make less money, not than they have been making lately, but than they made before the New York Cab Company entered upon its competition with them. But this can not be a long time. There are many people in New York who now walk between the ferries or the stations of the elevated roads and their homes or places of business, even in bad weather, who will acquire the habit of taking cabs now that the hire of a cab for a mile does not equal the hire of a laborer for a day. There are in London no fewer than 5805 hansom cabs, and 3847 four-wheelers. With fares reduced to the London point, and with the increase of the cab-taking class which this reduction will bring, it may be reasonably expected that New York and its suburbs will furnish profitable employment for at least 3000 cabs.

MR. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

The speech delivered in Brooklyn a fortnight since by Carl Schurz is a model of the true method of political discussion. It is perfectly clear in statement, resistless in logic, and moderate in tone. It was very effective in delivery, and yet is entirely free from clap-trap. It is remorseless in its exposure of the significance of all the facts which it marshals, yet there is no touch of intentional injustice or misrepresentation. From the time that Mr. Blaine was nominated there have been a great many Republicans, who read only the most unscrupulous party organs, constantly asking, "What are the Mulligan letters, and why is Mr. Blaine said to have traded in his office?" Such Republicans will never learn from the organs, because by common consent they refrain from publishing the letters, or from referring to them and attempting an explanation. They tell us that this or that distinguished man is satisfied to vote for Mr. Blaine; that his opponents are soreheads and Pharisees; that they have some secret mean motive; that they are at best a contemptible crew; but they do not explain Mr. Blaine's own words.

In Mr. Schurz's speech Republicans will find the whole story plainly told, and the essential significance of this election fairly and strongly set forth. The Blaine orators have celebrated the worth and the services of the Republican party, and they have done this as a reason for supporting a candidate whose official conduct they do not attempt to explain or defend, saying either that the charges are old, or that they have been settled, or that they do not believe them. That the charges are old is of no importance if they are true; that they have been settled is untrue, since a great body of Republicans who are perfectly familiar with them do not know of any settlement; and that orators say that they do not believe them is merely an expression of opinion, and not evidence or explanation. The argument thus far offered for the support of Mr. Blaine would require the support of Dorsey if he were the candidate.

Mr. Schurz's speech is a refreshing and remarkable contrast to the speeches of the Blaine orators. The only reply to it which has been attempted is the same old slang-whanging personal abuse and ribaldry that were poured out upon Seward and Sumner when they pleaded for justice and honesty in politics. But happily experience has shown that the argument which is addressed to the intelligence and the conscience of the American people is never lost.

SOUND ADVICE.

We agree with the *Evening Post* that better advice for the present crisis can not be given to the intelligent voter than the following from the New York *Tribune*. The remarks were made, indeed, when the *Tribune* was opposing Republican nominations, and not, as now, supporting them. But the reader will decide whether they are not quite as good as those with which the *Tribune* now regales its readers.

> "The best course still open is that of independent, earnest, manly criticism and revision by the people of the acts and decisions of whatever body or bodies shall henceforth assume to provide them with ready-made candidates, whether for Federal or for State offices. *Treat all nominations simply as suggestions, to be followed or resisted as your own judgment shall dictate.* A caucus of members of Congress formerly made (in effect) both President and Vice-President: that power was abused, and the people set their heel upon it. National conventions will doubtless in good time travel the same road, and encounter a kindred fate. *Meantime hear and heed all proper suggestions of candidates; then vote exactly as your own unfettered judgment shall dictate.*"

It adds, also, with great force:

> "When parties cease to have principles to fight for, they either divide on fresh issues, coalesce, or become co-operative societies for the attainment of office, grow corrupt, and rot away.... We protest against the slavish idea that party lines should be held so rigidly as to defeat objects the members of the party profess to seek."

These are precisely the sentiments of the Quincy Independent Republicans, which we quote elsewhere, and the exhortation "to treat nominations simply as suggestions," and to "vote as your own unfettered judgment dictates," will be followed to the letter by thousands of good Republicans in this year of grace.

THE FRENCH IN THE EAST.

The exhibitions of military activity in the East by France within the last year have been so extensive that they must be deliberate and systematic, but it is not easy to see what purpose valuable to France is to be attained by them. The extension of British markets has been effected by conquest and colonization, but a system which involves an enormous merchant fleet and the command of the carrying trade can not be successfully imitated without these advantages.

So far, at least, the French operations in Madagascar and in Tonquin have neither promised substantial successes nor won France any honor. The most scandalous of all the French exploits is the recent bombardment of Kee-Lung. The report of this performance was discredited by the authorities at Paris, and it is to be hoped, now that it can no longer be denied, that it may be disavowed. Kee-Lung is a port in the island of Formosa, which a French squadron appeared before, and without a declaration of war or any notification whatever, went on to bombard, for the purpose, as was explained by the admiral in command, of giving China to understand that France was tired of waiting for the acceptance of the French ultimatum.

This act was indefensible and atrocious. If it had been done by China, it would have been condemned everywhere as the act of a barbarous power. But actors are to be judged by their acts, not acts by actors, and the character of this attack is not changed because it was done by a European republic, and not by an Asiatic empire. The consular and diplomatic representatives of Europe and America in the East commonly act together, generally, as appears afterward, as cat's-paws to pull English chestnuts out of the fire. In this case, however, the American Minister should be instructed to protest against the action of France, even if he protests alone.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Eliphalet Potter, late President of Union College, is travelling West along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. Though recently elected to the bishopric of Nebraska, it is not believed that he will accept the honor. In personal appearance he bears a strong resemblance to his brother the Assistant Bishop of New York, like whom he has cultivated literary tastes, delightful conversational powers, and an earnest sense of professional duty. The Churchmen of Nebraska are still trying to persuade him to become their bishop. He is gaining a good knowledge of them and their State during his present trip.

—The assertion is made by a recent writer that among English judges and barristers there has always been a strong prejudice against wearing hair on the face, and that until within a few years it would have been impossible to find a barrister with a mustache, while no English judge for some centuries has worn one. Our New York judges and "barristers" are fond of hirsute appendages, which have been found useful in filtering—so to speak—the foul air of Tweed's white marble Court-house.

—Cyrus W. Field is the youngest son of a clergyman of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His brothers Dudley, Henry, and Stephen were sent to college, but Cyrus at an early age received twenty-five dollars and the paternal blessing. He became a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store at a salary of $2 a week, and on entering into business for himself, as a dealer in paper, his fellow-clerks presented him with a diamond pin. It took him twelve years to make a fortune. Since then he has been a capitalist, and has made several fortunes, say $20,000,000.

—Dr. Koch, the leading authority on cholera, declares that the real home of the disease is the banks of the Ganges. His researches have so stimulated an educated Pole that the latter has offered himself for inoculation with the cholera microbes, in order that Dr. Koch may ascertain the precise effect of such treatment in a vigorous and healthy adult of middle age.

—The late broker Mr. Joseph C. Carey—called "Cross-town" Carey because of his interest in one of the cross-town street railroads—was undoubtedly a victim to the rough horse-play in which his companions often indulge on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He never forgot the hazing they gave him last spring; it wounded his feelings too. But nobody supposes that the authors of it, or their associates, will change their manners. Yet most men of adult or mature age prefer physical peace in a crowd.

—The Prince of Wales is said to be a free-trader, and a Socialist to the extent of believing that many of the ideas and plans now identified with Socialism are thoroughly practical, Christian, and constitutional, so far as forms of government are concerned. He believes that the best-administered and most economical form of government is a constitutional monarchy, and that the English monarchy will endure, because it is the nucleus of a real republic.

—The French Academy declined to take part in the unveiling of the monument to George Sand. It remembers that it took no share in similar honors paid to Balzac and Béranger, and is said to be afraid that an exception in the present case might be construed into a less admiration for these writers than for the author of *Consuelo*. The real reason for its reluctance, however, is doubtless its respect for certain literary and ethical traditions which George Sand threw to the winds.

—"Only two painters ever existed," exclaimed one of his admirers to Mr. James A. McNeill Whistler—"yourself and Velasquez." "Why drag in Velasquez?" replied the modest Mr. James A. McNeill Whistler.

—The deed of presentation of Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty has been signed by the President of the French Chamber of Deputies and M. Jules Ferry "in the name of France," and forwarded to Secretary Frelinghuysen for preservation among our national archives. Deeds of great men all remind us how to make our lives sublime.

—The directors of our Metropolitan Museum of Art are to be congratulated on their enterprise in securing for exhibition the noble Watts collection of oil-paintings recently displayed in London. Probably there does not exist another available collection of pictures which would be so gladly welcomed here by intelligent lovers of art.

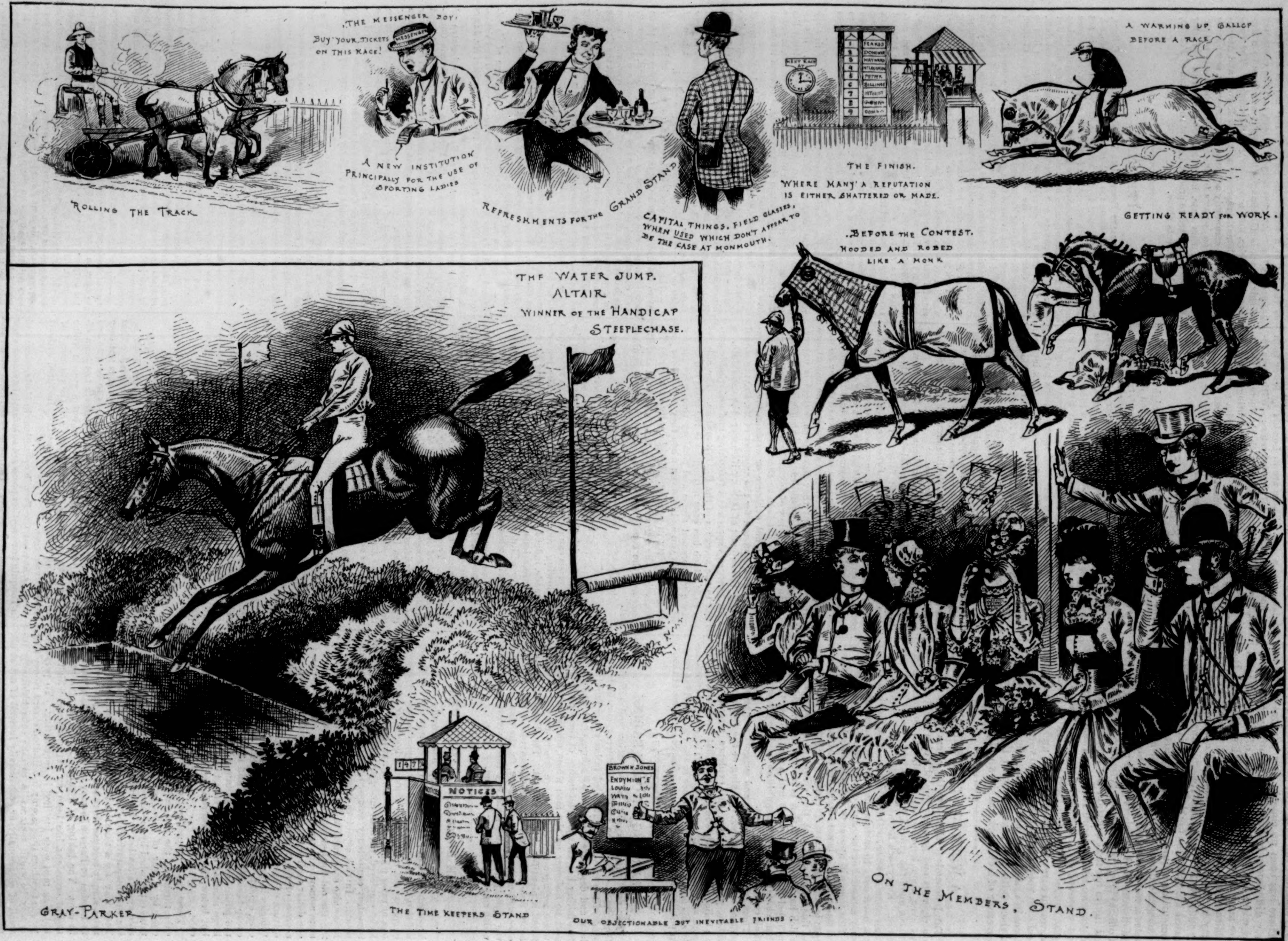
—Sir Erasmus Wilson, who died on the 9th of August, was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, a distinguished authority on diseases of the skin, and a munificent benefactor of hospitals.

—President Arthur has sent to Captain Brien, of the British barkentine *Susan*, a handsome gold watch and chain in recognition of his humane bravery in saving the officers and crew of the American ship *Tennessee* while she was on fire at sea.

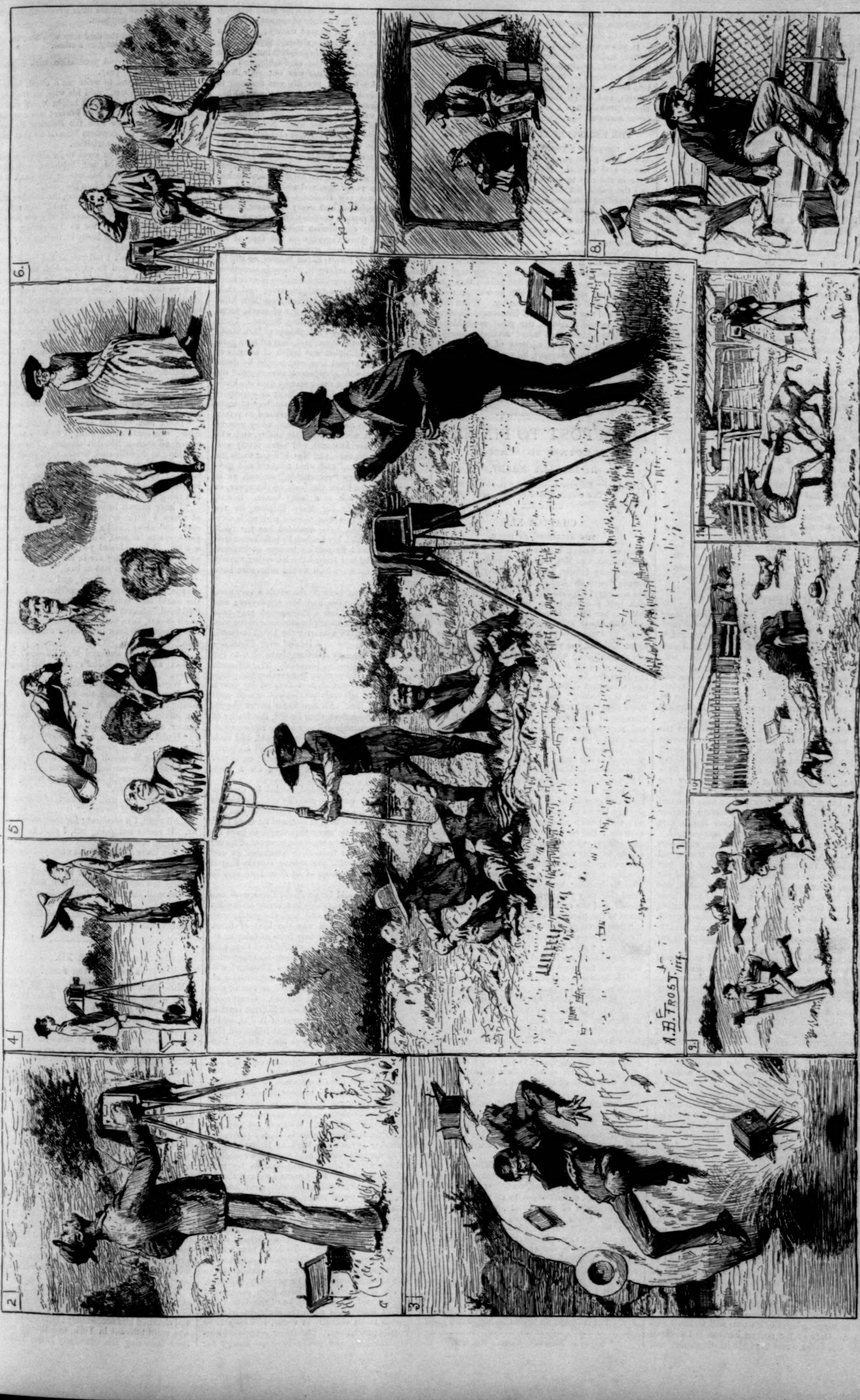
—Mr. Pierre Lorillard has sold his fast steam-yacht *Radha* to a Chicago gentleman for $65,000; she is four years old, 156 feet long, and measures 149 tons.

—An occasional visit to a wild-beast show, says the London *Times*, would do more to enlighten and quicken a child's mind than a year's object lessons as practiced in our schools. In country villages, indeed, children come across a good deal of wild nature, and are often found to beat their teachers in their knowledge of birds and beasts, their forms and their ways. Towns are sadly deficient in this respect, but what nature does freely in the country, art and effort must do in the town. These remarks will strike Mr. Barnum as eminently just.

—Signor Brignoli, who studied six years at the Naples Conservatory of Music, and was a pupil of Marco Bordoni in Paris, proposes to open in New York an American Conservatory of Music, under the auspices of Madame Nilsson, who has promised to act as directress. He will begin by teaching a class in one of the rooms of Chickering Hall, and he hopes before long to have a suitable building of his own. The training he proposes to give is, he says, the same that Madame Patti has had, and it will render unnecessary a trip to Europe on the part of any aspiring student. If a person with a good voice comes to him, too poor to pay for instruction, he announces that he will give a good musical education, which shall be paid for when the pupil goes on the stage. There seems no reason why young American women should any longer be subjected to the varied perils of obtaining a musical education abroad.


ROLLING THE TRACK
THE MESSENGER BOY.
BUY YOUR TICKETS ON THIS RACE!
MESSENGER
A NEW INSTITUTION PRINCIPALLY FOR THE USE OF SPORTING LADIES
REFRESHMENTS FOR THE GRAND STAND
CAPITAL THINGS, FIELD GLASSES, WHEN USED WHICH DON'T APPEAR TO BE THE CASE AT MONMOUTH.
NEXT RACE AT
1 FEAKES
2 DONOHUE
3 HAYWARD
4 MCLAUGHLIN
5 POTTER
6 BILLINGS
7 MCTOUEY
8
9
THE FINISH.
WHERE MANY A REPUTATION IS EITHER SHATTERED OR MADE.
A WARMING UP GALLOP BEFORE A RACE
GETTING READY FOR WORK.
BEFORE THE CONTEST.
HOODED AND ROBED LIKE A MONK
THE WATER JUMP.
ALTAIR
WINNER OF THE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.
1472
NOTICES
THE TIME KEEPERS STAND
BROWN & JONES
ENDYMION 5
LOUIS
WATTS
OUR OBJECTIONABLE BUT INEVITABLE FRIENDS.
ON THE MEMBER'S, STAND.
GRAY-PARKER

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT MONMOUTH PARK.—[See Page 553.]



1. Carefully arranged group—"The Haymakers." "Now keep *perfectly* still!" 2. "Wait till the clouds roll by." 3. "There's many a slip—" 4. "Say, mister, what'll you charge fer to take a phutegraft of me an' the old woman?" 5. Some results. 6. After about fifteen minutes posing in the hot sun: "I'm so sorry, Miss Dora, but would you mind trying it again? *I forgot to take the slide out.*" 7. Companions in misery. 8. He went out to photograph the yacht race, but—!" 9, 10, 11. Some incidents in animal photography.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE RETURN.

(AUGUST 8, 1884.)

With slackened speed and even keel
Three ships to port draw near;
No more old Ocean's might they feel,
No more his wrath they fear.
Silent the waters round them sleep,
Blue skies arch overhead,
But sad and slow straight on they keep—
They bear the nation's dead.

Three ships are rounding to the dock,
Wet still with Northern spray;
Their hulls are bruised by iceberg shock,
And scarred in deadly fray.
O'er mast and deck warm sunlight creeps;
Below are cold lips dumb:
Each in his iron casket sleeps—
The nation's heroes come.

They come from fields unstained with blood,
Where War's red laurels fade;
A mightier foe than man withstood
These warriors lowly laid.
No trumpet blasts, no cannon's roar,
Their souls with terror filled;
Their hearts, upon that arctic shore,
Heaven's tempests only thrilled.

The purest snows around them shone,
Unchanged in dazzling white;
Beside the chilling glacier strewn,
Frail flowers leaped to the light.
But Death was in the glistening snow,
And Death in clearest air;
By night, by day, with footstep slow,
Dread Famine tracked them there.

Their work was done; their faces turned
With longing to their homes:
High had their zeal for science burned—
It lighted Greenland's domes.
Oh God! the dreadful months of pain,
The months of living death!
A tardy succor gives again
To some their fleeting breath.

To-day the booming minute-guns
A sad, sad welcome speak;
Unwont the tear of pity runs
Down many a bronzèd cheek.
We greet the living; now they see
How true our hearts to them:
We mourn the dead; our praise shall be
Their lasting requiem.

S. J. Douglass.

FARTHEST NORTH.

Our readers are already familiar with the story of Lieutenant Lockwood's expedition northward from Fort Conger, in 1883, when he reached a point four miles nearer the north pole than any previous explorer had attained; and they will study with deep interest our double-page illustration, drawn from sketches and descriptions obtained from the survivors of the intrepid explorers, and the accuracy of which is vouched for by Sergeant Brainerd, who accompanied Lieutenant Lockwood on the expedition.

During their sojourn in the arctic regions the men were allowed to grow the full beard, except under the mouth, where it was clipped short. They wore knitted mittens, and over these heavy seal-skin mittens were drawn, connected by a tanned seal-skin string that passed over the neck, to hold them when the hands were slipped out. Large tanned-leather pockets were fastened outside the jackets, and in very severe weather jerseys were sometimes worn over the jackets for greater protection against the intense cold.

On the sledge journeys the dogs were harnessed in a fan-shaped group to the traces, and were never run tandem. In travelling, the men were accustomed to hold on to the back of the sledge, never going in front of the team, and often took off their heavy overcoats and threw them on the load. When taking observations with the sextant, Lieutenant Lockwood generally reclined on the snow, while Sergeant Brainerd called time and made notes, as shown in our illustration.

When further progress northward was barred by open water, and the party almost miraculously escaped drifting into the polar sea, Lieutenant Lockwood erected, at the highest point of latitude reached by civilized man, a pyramidal-shaped cache of stone, six feet square at the base, and eight or nine feet high. In a little chamber about a foot square half-way to the apex, and extending to the centre of the pile, he placed a self-recording spirit thermometer, a small tin cylinder containing records of the expedition, etc., and then sealed up the aperture with a closely fitting stone. The cache was surmounted with a small American flag made by Mrs. Greely. There were but thirteen stars in the field, as Mrs. Greely, finding the work rather wearing, had concluded to limit the stars to the number of the old Revolutionary flag.

From the summit of Lockwood Island, the scene presented in our illustration, 2000 feet above the sea, Lieutenant Lockwood was unable to make out any land to the north or the north-west. The awful panorama of the Arctic which their elevation spread out before them made a profound impression upon the explorers. The exultation which was natural to the achievement which they found they had accomplished was tempered by the reflections inspired by the sublime desolation of that stern and silent coast and the menace of its unbroken solitude. Beyond to the eastward was the interminable defiance of the unexplored coast—black, cold, and repellant. Below them lay the Arctic Ocean, buried beneath frozen chaos. No words can describe the confusion of this sea of ice—the hopeless asperity of it, the weariness of its torn and tortured surface. Only at the remote horizon did distance and the fallen snow mitigate its roughness and soften its outlines; and beyond it in the yet unattainable recesses of the great circle they looked toward the pole itself.

It was a wonderful sight, one never to be forgotten, and in some degree a realization of the picture that astronomers conjure to themselves when the moon is nearly full and they look down into the great plain which is called the Ocean of Storms, and watch the shadows of sterile and airless peaks follow a slow procession across its silver surface.

THE RECEPTION AT NEWBURYPORT.

The reception accorded to Lieutenant Greely at his birth-place on the 14th instant was enthusiastic and cordial. Many thousand strangers were in the city to do honor to the arctic hero, and the public buildings and nearly all the private dwelling-houses were appropriately decorated with flags. Four triumphal arches were erected, one at the City Hall, two on State Street, and one on Prospect Street, opposite the house where Greely was born.

The Newburyport Commandery, of which Lieutenant Greely is a member, held a prominent position in the procession, escorting the carriage in which he rode. As the long line passed through the principal streets of the city he was greeted with warm and continuous cheering. When the grand stand was reached, and Lieutenant Greely stepped to the platform, the great assemblage broke into cheers that lasted several minutes. In response to a brief address of welcome by the Mayor of Newburyport, he made a short and modest speech. The band then played "Home Again," Governor Robinson welcomed the hero back in the name of Massachusetts, and the reception closed by the band playing "Hail to the Chief."

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ELLISTONS AT HOME.

If ever a woman had tasted bitter experience, that woman was Mrs. Cuthbert Elliston. A girl of excellent family, and with thirty thousand pounds dowry, she had yielded to the soft, seductive wooing of Captain Elliston, of "the Brigade," with half a score better men in point of position at her feet. Handsome man he was now, and with those soft, *trainant* tones especially prized by women, as a rule; but twenty years ago young Elliston was voted about the best-looking and fastest young man in the Guards. His kith and kin were all of undeniable blood, and Elliston from the first had enjoyed the *entrée* to circles somewhat difficult of attainment. He became the fashion; the quick, genial *repartie* of those days could scarcely be traced in the cynical sarcasm of the present. Bright eyes sparkled and rosy lips smiled as Captain Elliston drew near; and if some of his comrades thought "Cuddie" had done rather well for himself, there were plenty of young ladies who half envied Mary Merlington, niece to Lord Mavis, her good fortune.

She was marrying—only, poor soul! she did not know it—a selfish gambler, already over head and ears in debt; a man at whom the ring already began to look askance, and whose face was well known wherever dice rattled or cards were cut. But he was still popular with his brother officers, with whom such venial offenses as a taste for play and habits of extravagance were of small account, and they all agreed Cuddie was making a very edifying end of it in marrying Miss Merlington; more especially when it transpired that only twenty thousand were settled on herself, and the remainder left loose to assist Elliston in the purchase of his steps.

"Just about put Cuddie square," observed Tom Rustleton, his most intimate friend, with a knowing wink; "give Mavis a real chance of playing the old comedy uncle, and coming down with the money for the steps afterward."

"He isn't one of those bogus lords, all coronet and blue blood, old family, and chronic impecuniosity, is he?" inquired Colonel Matchlock.

"No, no; he spun, or struck oil, or made boots, or invented a patent, or else his father did. He was nearly d——d and knighted, but they made him a Baron instead. There's not much difference nowadays, when Sir Richard serves you with two pounds of figs, or appeals to you to try his interchangeable watch, or when, as a Baron, you get your living out of companies as bogus as your coronet."

"They get a little too bogus at times; but the law is benevolent to coronets, if possible, as a rule," rejoined Colonel Matchlock, a keen, cynical man of the world, with as much liking for Elliston as it was possible for him to achieve concerning any human being.

So they talked about Cuddie Elliston in the bow-window in Pall Mall some twenty years ago; and your brother officers, according to their different lights, are not wont to make such a very bad horoscope of your future, or judge of your character much amiss. Men and women, too, must internally judge their fellows from their own point of view. What represents almost vice to one person is simply folly to another. We differ in our creeds, we differ in our views of life, manners, and politics. The unmitigated cad in A's light is excellent company to B, while theologically I would advise my compeers who desire comfort especially to be "shadowy."

But marriage made no difference in Elliston's life. The man was an irreclaimable, selfish gambler, and had neither real love for Mary Merlington, nor anything but a tinge of contempt for her paternal family. He wanted money; it was an essential that his present existence depended on, and to such as Elliston life presents but that one view—the race-course, the card-table, and the *coulisses*. Before the year was out poor Mary Merlington knew what her life was destined to be, and had fathomed the utter selfishness of her husband's character. She was of that sort that seem born to suffer. Not a word against her husband ever escaped her lips. Nobody knew better than she of what inferior clay her idol was made, but she was not going to make the world the confidant of her mistake. On the contrary, she was never without excuse for his short-comings, albeit quite aware the bright future she had pictured was never destined to be realized. A bare two years saw Cuthbert Elliston gazetted out of his regiment, and every sixpence of that ten thousand pounds destined for his promotion, as well as his commission money, gone. They had been at times vagrants on the face of the earth, but of late had struggled on in a small house in Ebury Street, Eaton Square, as the inhabitants exult in calling it. There is something in living near the rose, and Pimlico is ever loath to acknowledge its actual identity; and their sole reliable income was derived from Mrs. Elliston's settlement, which was out of reach, fortunately, of her husband's itching fingers. There were times, of course, when gleams of luck shone over the gambler's home, and, like all true gamblers, Cuthbert Elliston was lavish of his money when fortune favored him, and, taught by dread experience, his wife always took advantage of the sunshine to store for those stormy days she knew would in due course follow. Many an expensive bracelet or cashmere, etc., did she buy in those days that she well knew was destined to return at half-price to the vender before many months were past. A woman with fair ability, and who really loves her husband, will learn pretty well anything for his sake, and Mrs. Elliston knew the "Racing Calendar," and what trinkets and gewgaws were always "returnable," as well as in days of yore she knew the book of the opera, or what prices to ask at a fancy bazar. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Mary Elliston, on the whole, that she had been blessed with no family. If children might have consoled her for those lonely hours which her husband's infatuation and their consequent fluctuating income condemned her to, still she was spared the harassing anxiety about their future which would otherwise have been her fate.

Last season had been on the whole a very good year for Mr. Greyson and his employers; and though that flying but evil-tempered gray two-year-old had made an unpleasant hole in the winnings, yet the stake won over the Two Thousand, and the still larger one landed over Phaeton's Leger, had left a very comfortable balance to the good at their respective bankers'. The Ellistons might have been described as in rather full plumage, and moreover Cuthbert fancied he saw a prospect of a tolerably prosperous season once more before him. No one knew better the infirmities of horseflesh than he did, the frailty of legs, the lamentable delicacy of the equine bronchial tubes, their susceptibility to cold, and their liability to that most provoking of all ailments, namely, the being a little out of sorts; or, in turf *argot*, "a little off," when backed for a large stake.

Were not you, my friend, settled by that cucumber you devoured so greedily with last night's salmon, and did you not blow shamefully as you breasted the hill-side next day, and let more than one bird sail easily away that ought to have bit the heather, simply because you were out of form? Race-horses suffer from *their* cucumber as well as ourselves, despite the setting muzzle that it would be well for some of us should we also be endued with.

Still, there could be no doubt there were two rattling good four-year-olds in training on Riddleton Moor, and, better still, that the public were mistaken as to which was the best of them. Should the handicapper only form as false an estimate of the respective capabilities of Caterham and Phaeton as it was quite transparent the racing world entertained, then the Two Thousand winner of last year must have the opportunity afforded him of winning a big race or two of that description before the year was out. Great *coups* of this kind were things Cuthbert Elliston revelled in mapping out, but the worst of it was, so far they had rarely owned anything at Riddleton that justified the attempt to fly at high game. Usually they had to content themselves with small handicaps, over which, except at a very large outlay, only small sums could be won.

To carry off the Cæsarewitch or Cambridgeshire, and take sixty or seventy thousand pounds out of the ring, was the dream of Elliston's life—a dream, by-the-way, that has begot many a gallant heart's undoing. Why can not men recollect that backing horses is simply equivalent to playing against the bank at Monaco? The pull of the tables must beat you, more especially in these days, when the book-makers lay most inadequate prices. Fifty years ago, and the extinction of prize-fighting seemed most improbable. Fifty years hence, and there are signs abroad to show that Newmarket will have degenerated into a sort of Croydon, and the Derby have dropped to the level of the present Chester Cup. What will they *do* in those days of ripened cant and hypocrisy? To howl your way to heaven after the wont of the Salvationists, or to get there by "water" after the manner of the Blue Ribbon people, will be probably exploded. All species of sport will have been condemned as cruel, and life generally be of the dullest and limpest description when the Buddhist religion, now so much virtually in vogue, will have been actually proclaimed. The rising generation worship inanition, and really have no energy for vice, leading their placid little lives without pronounced views of any sort.

> "We match not the dead men who bore us,
> At a kiss, at a song, at a crime."

Oh no! It is a tepid generation, with neither pluck to sin nor to pray.

"I must ask you to write me a check before you go out, Cuthbert," said his wife, as they sat over a latish breakfast on a bright March morning, about the time that Jim Forrest was cementing his acquaintance with the Dancing Master, and beginning to accustom himself to that animal's unpleasant eccentricities.

"Upon my soul, you seem to be always wanting checks," retorted her husband, irritably. "You know that the balance at the bank has got to carry us very far into the year."

"And you know that the rent, the butcher, the taxes, and such things must be paid," she rejoined, wearily. "I don't see myself why the horses shouldn't do something for us this spring. Caterham is by no means badly in for the City and Suburban: you said so yourself."

"Yes; and didn't I tell you at the same time that we can't afford to expose him for such a paltry stake as we should have to be content with on that race? The public have arrived at your conclusion also, and appropriated all the long prices. Considering the pains I and others have taken to educate the public, and demonstrate to them the rashness of speculating before the owners have satisfied themselves, I am really astounded at their child-like confidence. Caterham will run, but not *quite* so well as his backers anticipate."

"What about that gray colt? The Two Thousand is a nice stake; and for a very little outlay you might stand to win a tolerably round sum in bets."

"Don't talk of that accursed brute; a gold mine; who could do anything if he were not possessed of such a fiendish temper. The cheapest thing to do with such brutes is to shoot them at once. Dispose of them, and you are still tempted to back them whenever they run. A bad-tempered horse, like a bad-tempered woman, is a thing to be out of as soon as may be."

"I have known bad-tempered women, though at times a little trying, make their husbands rare good wives; and a bad-tempered horse, that you know to be good, is always worth backing for a trifle. I have heard you say, over and over again, that, when they are in the mood, their very temper makes them bad to beat."

"The marrying a shrew, and the backing a savage, are two dangerous experiments, at which the world only laughs when they recoil on your own head," observed Elliston, sententiously. "I, at all events, have been spared the former, Mary; and enjoyed the luck of a better wife than most men."

A faint flush suffused Mrs. Elliston's faded cheeks at her husband's somewhat niggard praise.

"Write me the check, Cuthbert," she said, as she rose and, crossing the room, laid her hand fondly on her husband's shoulder. "Also follow my advice: let the Dancing Master take his chance, and mind my usual ten pounds is on him."

"I will write you a check, Mary; and mind, you must make it go as far as you can. As for the Dancing Master, if anybody likes to pay his expenses at Newmarket, he can run; but I sha'n't. I don't think there'll be much opportunity of investing your tenner."

"It is as you will, Cuthbert, of course; but don't forget me if he runs."

"All right, I'll recollect; for the present, good-by. If you're not going out, I shall be home to dinner."

"You know I'm never out when you say that," she replied, softly.

"Pooh!" he rejoined, as he opened the door. "We're too old for sentiment now, and jog along just as well as our neighbors without it."

Mrs. Elliston sighed. As if a woman ever grows too old for sentiment; and this man, remember, was her first and only love.

CHAPTER XII.

A CLERICAL TEA PARTY.

Miss Rockingham, curiously enough, began to think a good deal about this Mr. Thorndyke. He was of a type she had never encountered before, if indeed she could be said to have as yet encountered him. She did not as yet know whether to be interested in him, or shocked at his most unorthodox views. The way he mixed up things sacred and secular seemed almost profane in her eyes. A parson whom she knew had actually been known to play cricket with his parishioners after church, and though it was rarely he gave such practical testimony as to his religious views, yet he stoutly maintained there was no more harm in cricket than in country walks, that all honest courting, to which young people are very wont to devote a portion of their Sabbath, could be carried on quite as well while looking on at such healthy, manly games as cricket and foot-ball as in *tête-à-tête* country walks; in short, that Sunday was meant for innocent enjoyment and relaxation from toil as well as returning thanks to the Creator, and that people who held up their hands with horror at what they denounced as his impiety went to church in the morning to study their neighbors' bonnets, and devoted their afternoons to lying and scandalous conversation. Such a clergyman as this was a phenomenon that made Ellen Rockingham open her eyes with amazement.

Had she heard of or first seen Mr. Thorndyke at Cranley, her mind would have been made up. She would have pronounced him a priest of Baal, and shunned him accordingly; but clerical society was more tolerant in York, and though very far from indorsing the extremely broad views and muscular Christianity of the Reverend John Thorndyke, yet they recognized him as an energetic, hard-working man, who did a great deal of good in his way, and was much liked and respected amongst his parishioners. It was true his way was not their way; they could no more have hurled (no other word expresses it) those short, stirring addresses at the heads of their people than Thorndyke could have preached one of their (if polished) somewhat monotonous discourses. Men who went to hear John Thorndyke felt no inclination to doze during the ten or fifteen minutes the nervous, fiery words fell from his lips; words not of denunciation, as a rule, but of hope and promise, albeit he would rate the short-comings of his sheep with bitter scorn and irony when occasion required, and those sombre-fleeced delinquents winced as they took the scathing rebuke to themselves, and felt that they had earned it.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

Still his clerical brethren were compelled to admit one thing: his sermons might be unscholarly, undignified, vulgar rant, etc., and they were called all these, but there was nothing unorthodox in them, and his church was crammed. He preached extemporary, and, though usually, not invariably from a text of Scripture. He seldom brought a Bible into the pulpit, but never omitted to place his watch on the cushion.

Ah! in these days of infinite verbiage, if those who manage our political and religious affairs could only know the virtue of a watch—could St. Stephen's and the pulpit be induced to pour forth that flux of vapid garrulity with an eye on the hour-glass, methinks even they would feel some shame that their platitudes should have so long vexed the ears of the nation.

"I am going out to tea, mother, if you don't want me," said Ellen, one afternoon as the sun floated in at the somewhat dingy sitting-room window. "Mrs. Primington has asked me, and says she has some people coming whom she is sure I should like to meet."

"Pray do, child; it is good for you. It is not well at your years to be cooped up in such narrow quarters as this. Dear Gerald, he did his best for us, and I don't complain; but," she continued, with a faint smile, "it comes hard, dear, after having ruled it so long at Cranley Chase."

Poor Ellen looked round the room sorrowfully; she had done the best she could to make it tasteful. It showed all the delicate touches of a woman's hand in its arrangements, in the vases of bright spring flowers, put artistically together, as only the deft fingers of the refined woman or the professional florist are capable of. Still, modest lodgings and narrow means can in no manner be brought to replace your own château, with its conservatories, conjoined with lavish expenditure, by any feminine artifice.

Mrs. Rockingham bore up bravely against her altered fortunes; but it was scarcely to be supposed she would not make querulous moan at times over the hardness of her lot. Besides, he for whom she had suffered so long and battled so bravely to keep things together had gone to his rest, and there were times when the widow craved earnestly for the time when she might be laid by his side. With Ellen it was different. She was young, and made of sterner stuff. The Puritan spirit she so cherished nerved her for her struggle with the world. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," was a text ever on her lips; and she had wound herself up to the belief that she was destined to make expiation for her father's sin. It is wives and daughters who, for the most part, do penance when their male belongings have to face the upshot of backing hopes against figures, or trying to break the ring, or the bank at Monte Carlo.

"It is very odd we don't hear from Gerald," remarked Mrs. Rockingham.

"We must be patient, mother," replied Ellen, settling her bonnet at the glass above the mantel-piece. "Remember, he was never a good correspondent; and now, poor boy, he has to set to work to earn his living. It would come hard upon most boys, but it comes doubly hard upon such as he. Facing the world in grim earnest, I fear Gerald is going through an ordeal such as he don't much care to talk about. And yet, mother, he was a Rockingham every inch, and faced disaster as boldly as any one of our race when it came. I have railed at him often for his indolence and his absorption in sporting pursuits; but I felt proud of him that day he knew he was a beggar and his inheritance a myth."

The girl's face flushed and her dark eyes sparkled as she recalled that scene in the library in which her brother had jumped at a bound from a boy to manhood—the self-possessed, courteous irony with which he had dismissed Cuthbert Elliston. She had thought of him as a mere boy up to that, as a girl of twenty naturally does regard a brother of eighteen; but henceforth she acknowledged him as head of the family, and felt that Gerald's will and Gerald's word would be law. It was wrong and unchristianlike to hate any one, she knew; but Ellen was painfully aware that her feelings with regard to Cuthbert Elliston would scarce stand analysis from that point.

When she arrived at Mrs. Primington's she found some three or four ladies, who, like her hostess, were rather Calvinistic in their religious views, also Mr. Brushley, the Rector of St. Olave's, and his curate, both gentlemen of as evangelical a turn of mind as was compatible with clergymen who officiated within the shadow of the mighty Minster. The eccentricities of the Rev. John Thorndyke were a favorite topic with these good folks, generally ending in the opinion that no good could come permanently from such vulgarizing of his sacred functions.

"It is, so to speak, my dear Mrs. Primington, like the doings of a mountebank at a fair. Mr. Thorndyke attracts people to his church because they hope to be amused; they are amused; but you don't mean to tell me such addresses as his—sermons they can't be called—arouse any real religious feeling. Sermons should be thoughtfully written out, then as thoughtfully read. Mr. Thorndyke apparently regards them as after-dinner speeches, improved by a little jocularity."

"I don't think that is quite a fair summing up of Mr. Thorndyke's sermons. I have only, it is true, heard him once. He is not conventional, but there is certainly no levity in his discourse," observed Miss Rockingham.

"Dear me," interrupted Mrs. Primington. "I hope I haven't done wrong, but Canon Durnsford, the new Canon, you know, expressed such curiosity about Mr. Thorndyke that I promised to ask him here to meet him to-day. You surely, none of you, object?"

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Brushley, unctuously, "it is our lot to meet many people in this world of whom we by no means approve, but it is our duty to stifle our feelings. We can never tell what power to do good may be vouchsafed us. The new Canon, Mr. Durnsford, you said? Yes, decidedly I shall be glad to make Mr. Durnsford's acquaintance."

If he did not quite hold with their opinions, Mr. Brushley highly appreciated the Cathedral dons in a social point of view, and secretly and sadly admitted that wines and the art of cookery were better understood by them than by those of his own way of thinking.

The Canon and Thorndyke arrived almost simultaneously, and afforded a somewhat marked contrast. The Honorable and Reverend Alfred Durnsford was very different from the plump and rubicund priest that Mr. Brushley had pictured him. The tall, slight, aristocratic-looking new Canon, with the suave, polished manner of a thorough man of the world, was by no means what the Rector of St. Olave's had imagined him, and the Rev. Mr. Brushley felt intuitively it was just possible that he and the courteous Canon might not altogether amalgamate. He fancied he detected a slight touch of sarcasm in the soft-toned voice of the new dignitary, and sarcasm was a thing that Mr. Brushley both imperfectly understood and felt no little afraid of. Better, he thought, the bold, outspoken utterances of John Thorndyke than this quiet, smooth, veiled speech, the real meaning of which he very imperfectly conjectured. It was odd; Mr. Brushley could not account for it; and yet before five minutes had elapsed he was conscious of being ill at ease with Mr. Durnsford. He felt that the new-comer saw through him, that he penetrated the hypocrisy of his character, and knew him for the sham he really was, while, to his intense disgust, he saw the Canon was unmistakably attracted to blunt, outspoken John Thorndyke. There was no mistaking John Thorndyke for anything but a gentleman. Ellen Rockingham, much as she mistrusted him as a clergyman, had no misgivings on that point; as regarded the Rev. Mr. Brushley, she preferred that question should remain in abeyance.

"I am told, Mr. Thorndyke, that you are great at cricket, and have rather a taste for field-sports," observed the Canon, quietly, as he sipped his tea; "if so, you are fortunate in finding your life cast in, perhaps, the most sporting county in England."

"Great at cricket—ah!" rejoined Thorndyke, laughing. "I am afraid that's a thing of the past. I was in the Oxford Eleven; but I haven't the time to practice now, and only get a game now and then with my parishioners. If they only give me time to get my eye in, I can make it lively cricket yet. As for sport, I enjoy a gallop with the York and Ainstey, or a day's gunning, on the rare occasions it's my luck to get one, as much as ever; and Mr. Durnsford," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "if I was only sure his Grace of York wouldn't hear of it, I think I could shout with the best of them on the Town Moor at seeing 't' Leger' won."

"You surely would never bring such a scandal on the cloth as to be present at a race meeting!" exclaimed Mr. Brushley.

"It's not exactly the scandal, it's the wigging from the Archbishop I am afraid of," replied Thorndyke, demurely.

"Which, I'll venture to say, you'll never get," observed the Canon, smiling. "You were born a quarter of a century too late."

"And yet there are people who tell me I am too advanced in my views."

"The sporting parson is quite incompatible with the present state of religious thought," said Mr. Brushley, pompously.

"And what should you define to be the present state of religious thought?" asked the Canon, softly, pouncing upon his victim in true purring feline fashion.

Miss Rockingham awaited with much interest her pastor's reply to this question.

"The phase of religious thought now dominating these isles might be explained—er—you understand, as a sort of craving—in short, an earnest desire for—for—"

"Quite so," murmured the Canon.

"Desire—thirst, I might say, for—"

"A little reality," interrupted Thorndyke.

"For—for a higher enlightenment," said Mr. Brushley, triumphantly.

"Which, when interpreted, means—" inquired the Canon.

"An elevation of the spirit," quoth Mr. Brushley.

"An elimination of humbug," said John Thorndyke, dryly but audibly.

"I refuse to recognize such a word, sir, in connection with religion," rejoined Mr. Brushley, loftily.

"In connection with true religion, certainly, but there is a good deal of spurious coin in circulation."

"And your definition, Mr. Thorndyke?"

"Has not yet taken shape, but you may lay it down as an axiom that it is cant that makes religion distasteful. Good-by, Mrs. Primington—good-by, Miss Rockingham. Glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Durnsford." With which somewhat abrupt adieus Thorndyke took his departure.

Mr. Brushley walked away with a vague consciousness of not having been altogether a success in the Canon's eyes, while Miss Rockingham, as she strolled homeward, was fain to admit to herself that her favorite pastor had not been so lucid as was desirable on the occasion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An officer of Mr. Bergh's society recently prevented a swimming contest in which goats were to be the contestants, on the ground that water was not the goat's natural element. There can be no reasonable criticism of the soundness of this proposition. A goat is not a fish. Neither is he a bird, nor a junk-shop. But with seeming satisfaction he perches among the birds on the lofty crags of the upper part of the city, and he makes himself the receptacle of waste paper, scrap tin, and other junk. In view of this elasticity of the goat's nature it might not have been cruelty to animals to permit the goats to swim across the Harlem River, especially in view of the fact that the prizes were a mammoth cabbage, a large turnip, a double-sheet circus poster, and a tomato can.

It is claimed in Boston that the dude of that city is a very different creature from the dude of this metropolis. The Boston dude, it is explained, is always on the verge of the extreme, while the New York dude is constantly toppling over this verge. To know just where the extreme begins requires frequent cerebration—a wear and tear which no dude but a Boston dude, it is claimed, could endure. The Boston dude's dress is English to the verge of being extremely English, but there are no striking combinations of color in it—as in the American flag, for instance. He wears no jewelry; it is vulgar, even when it is not in pawn. He dresses, not to be seen, but on the principle that what he wears is going to be seen, and therefore should be attractive. The New York dude is in many respects the reverse of this superior creature.

America has not had so cool a summer in many years as this one has been thus far. But on the other side of the ocean the heat has been very intense and prolonged. Even in London they have been having some hot days. In Paris recently the rays of the sun ignited some chemicals that were lying on the quay, and a disastrous fire resulted. In the cholera-stricken regions of southern France the protracted heat has added to the horrors of the scourge.

The directors of the approaching exposition in New Orleans have made arrangements for pushing forward the construction of the buildings with an extra force of men working at night by electric light. A bureau of information is in running order for the benefit of exhibitors and visitors.

The characteristic peculiarity of police theories is the air of certainty with which they are put forward. Sometimes it is necessary to admit that they are mere theories, and at other times they are disguised as discoveries. There is a police theory as to the earthquake. It was not promulgated as a theory or as a discovery, but was incorporated in a statement of cold facts as though it was one of them. The officer in command at one of the station-houses reported to Superintendent Walling: "At 2½ P.M. on Sunday an *electric* shock of an earthquake was felt at this station," etc.

Gamble was the name of a notorious gambler of Baltimore who was fatally shot last week by a man of his own class.

The cable says that a French government commission which has been making experiments similar to those of M. Pasteur has reported results which fully confirm his conclusion, that inoculation with virus of reduced strength is a preventive of hydrophobia.

An international congress of Alpine clubs has been held in Constance, Germany. The attendance indicated that the Germans and the Austrians are the world's most enthusiastic amateur climbers.

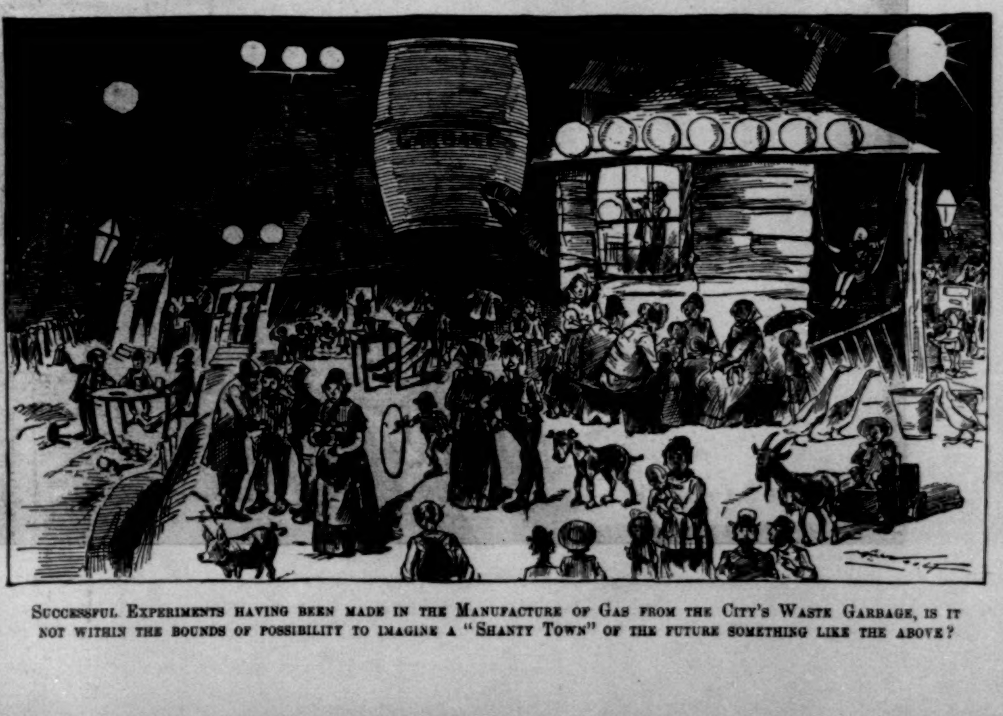
Says a daily paper: "The Acquenuckaquewauk Club met last evening for special business." It is presumed that anything outside of drill in pronouncing the club's name is special business.

The age at which a maid becomes a spinster in Boston seems to have been settled by the considerate action of a woman whose will has been filed for probate. She was a resident of Somerville, near Boston, and was wealthy. She bequeaths to the city of Boston a perpetual trust for the benefit of single women over fifty-nine years of age. The accompanying conditions are such as will keep the spinsters from indulging expensive tastes, but are not onerous. The question has been raised whether any one will be found whose youth does not disqualify her from becoming a beneficiary.

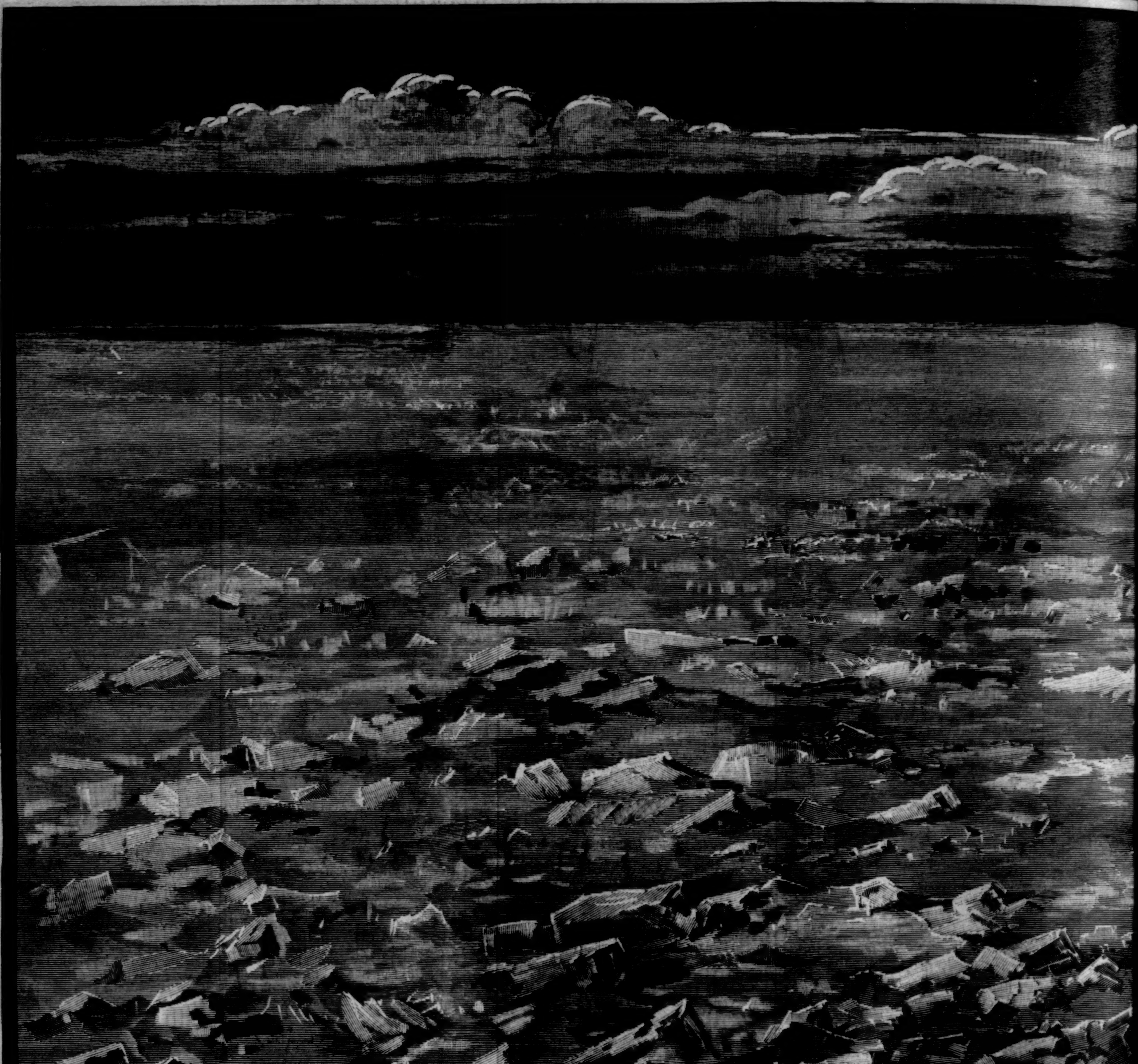
A writer describes the interesting effect produced by the falling of hail-stones as large as good-sized marbles into a lake: "When a round object drops into water, the liquid closes with so forcible a return that it throws up a tiny water-spout or fountain, whose height is in proportion to the force of the falling object. As the hail-stones struck the surface, thousands of these fountains sprang up, all about fourteen to eighteen inches high. The surface of the lake presented an appearance which seemed supernatural. It was as if myriads of springs were at work and the fountains of the deep were broken open."

There is a small club of bookworms in London called the Odd Volumes. The twenty-one members meet now and then, enjoy a dinner, and gossip about the things in which they are the most deeply interested. Their proceedings are put forth periodically in a small volume, which is said to be a masterpiece of dainty typography. Distinguished bibliophiles have occupied the president's chair.

There is no danger that steaming regattas will take the place of sailing and rowing regattas. As for steam-ship races, the magnificent vessels of the transatlantic lines are engaging in more interesting contests than even millionaires can afford to prepare for their diversion. But it is not improbable that there will be a race in the course of the season between the two steam-vessels that were the most conspicuous in the American Yacht Club races—Mr. Gould's *Atalanta* and Mr. Roach's *Yosemite*. It is said that immediately after the race Mr. Roach sent a note to Mr. Gould, saying, "I congratulate you on being the owner of the *Atalanta* and the winner of the race," and that Mr. Gould replied, "I congratulate you on being the owner of the *Yosemite*, the second fastest steam-yacht in the world." It is further said that Mr. Roach is not disposed to regard it as settled that his vessel must occupy a second place. Hence a possibility amounting to a probability that the yachts will be matched again at no very distant date.

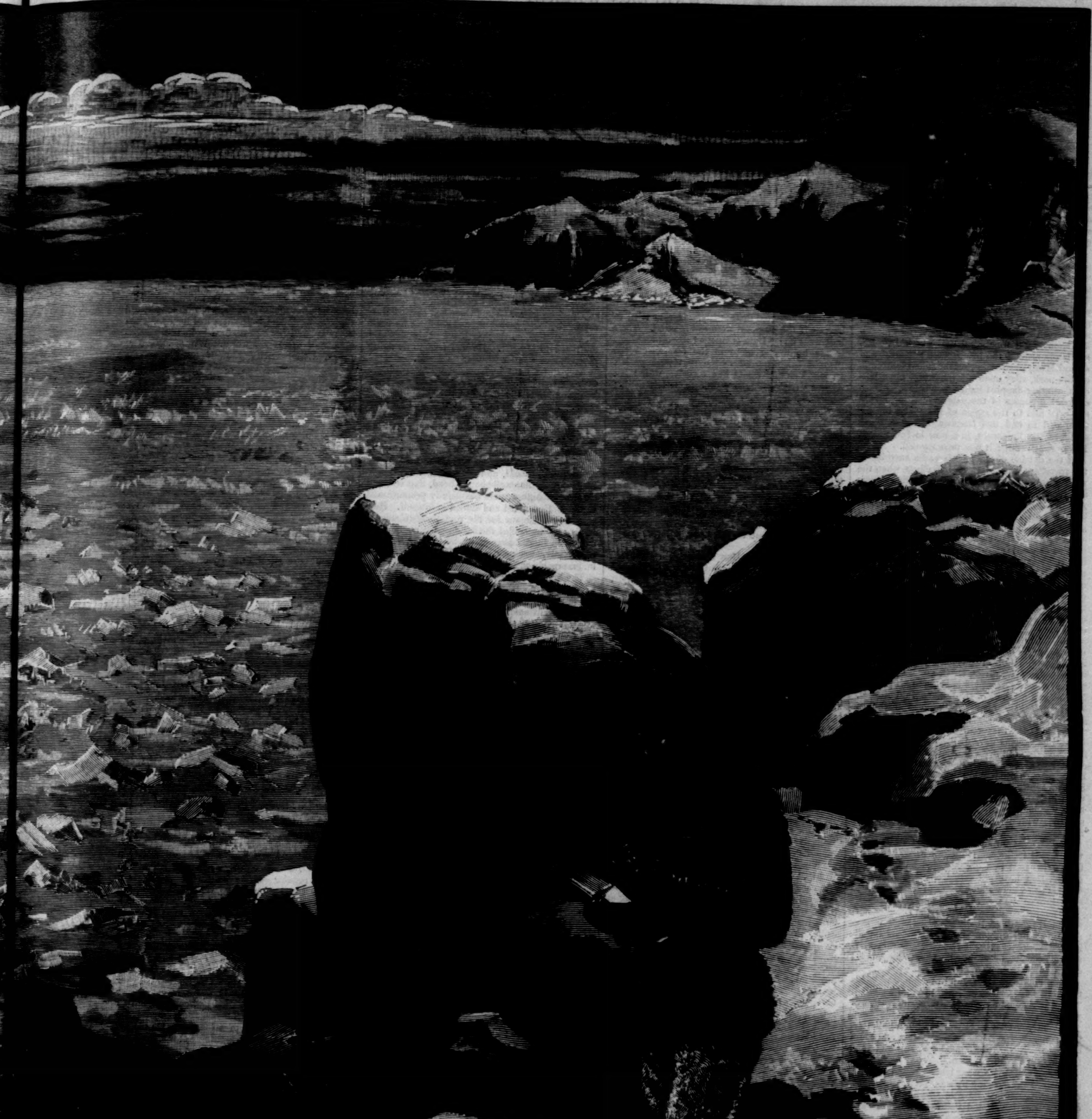


SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS HAVING BEEN MADE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF GAS FROM THE CITY'S WASTE GARBAGE, IS IT NOT WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF POSSIBILITY TO IMAGINE A "SHANTY TOWN" OF THE FUTURE SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE?



FARTHEST NORTH—THE

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD, DECEASED, FURN



SUMMIT OF LOCKWOOD ISLAND.

ED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF LIEUTENANT GREELY.—[SEE PAGE 548.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;[*]

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WORLD.

BUT a veil was lifted from the scene Arthur had gazed on coldly a few days before. 'Twas as some glowing Alpine landscape from which the morning mists have cleared. Instead of clinging vapor and watery clouds, pierced here and there by wan melancholy green, a veritable revelation of the warm, voluptuous South now flashed on his eyes.

Could this airy structure with its colonnade of purest marble breaking the azure sky lie in the very lair of the north wind? These terraced gardens and lovely little lake, on which the swan "sailed double, swan and shadow," these rich red roses, each a floral paragon, these orange groves showing golden fruit and waxen bloom amid the same green leaves, the snow-white statues gleaming from bright foliage, all spoke of Italy. Immediately around the palace were parterres and smooth lawny pleasaunce, but far and wide stretched the park, alley upon alley, bosquet upon bosquet, offering dappled light and shadow, with occasional glimpses of the pale crystalline inland sea. To add to the magic of the place, the air from end to end was fragrant with the sweet smell of the lime-trees, just now in full flower. It was captivating; it was unsurpassed.

If the outside of the palace was a surprise to the travellers, what were their feelings when the wide portal admitted them within? Exact taste and boundless outlay could accomplish no more. Arthur's experienced eye saw at a glance that his host was not only an expensive man, but a skilled art collector. On every side were evidences of connoisseurship and discrimination: here an exquisite statuette from some modern atelier, there a fascinating little *chef-d'œuvre* from the hand of the great Cellini. Every object, indeed, was a work of art, from the gold inkstand of mediæval workmanship on the writing-table to the hand-bellows adorned with the Prince's monogram in pearls and turquoise. All ages and all countries had been laid under tribute for this palace of art within sound of arctic seas. There were canvases of Tintoret and the superb Spaniard, panels of Cordovan leather old as the Crusades, Gobelin tapestries, faience of Moustier and Nevers, when heroes paid homage to a Prince of Urbino, and cabinets of the famous Buhl himself. What was there not? And all in fastidious keeping. No profusion; nothing out of place; not a bagatelle that represented mere wealth. These impressions were of the moment only, for the inspection of the palace and its art collections could not, of course, be thought of then. The brothers were conducted straight to their chambers, and informed that the Prince would receive them in the octagon drawing-room half an hour later, "which was the hour of dinner," added the servant: "his Highness dined at six in the summer season."

Arthur went through the business of dressing with mixed feelings. It was an imperative duty to talk his best that evening, and he knew well enough that he could talk well when he chose. But his thoughts would wander to the mysterious adventure of the week before.

"The Prince dines at six in the summer season." He repeated these words to himself several times, but without any possibility of attaching a dubious meaning. His host might be married, a bachelor, or widowed. One thing seemed certain—he was now alone.

"Arthur," said Harvey, putting his head in his neighbor's door, when half-way through his toilet, "now you won't stay here after to-morrow, will you?"

"Don't you be a fool!" was Arthur's unflattering retort. "The Black Lake can wait, and Flora can wait. Never refuse good company and good fare when you can get them."

Arthur's surmises were true. When they descended to the dazzling little octagon room, lighted only from above, its sole adornment a series of frescoes, they found the Prince unattended. His secretary, who came in a moment later, made up the quartette.

"It is the first time I have had the honor of entertaining any of your countrymen here," began the Prince, blandly; "and indeed I know not if my art collection has ever been visited by an English amateur. What Englishman has not seen the moon rise on the Pyramids and sun refuse to set at Hammerfest? You set off for the north pole as unconcernedly as for Epsom races. But all pass my island by."

"Fortunately for your Highness," replied Arthur, quickly. "Did people know what it is like, the park you so magnanimously throw open would be as crowded as the Prater on Whit-Monday."

This beginning made all things easy. And when was a dinner party of four agreeable men otherwise than perfect? There is an abandon which mere social reunions of both sexes can not attain to; within the limits of entire discretion in speech and deportment, a freedom, if not from restraint, at least from the desire of pleasing, which must actuate men when placed beside women at the dinner table. These genial diners were one and all as far removed from undue exhilaration as could be. Yet the pleasure that may honestly arise from the enjoyment of matchless wines and rare meats comes into stronger relief than at mixed assemblies. Princes are bound to get at knowledge by short-cuts, and Arthur soon found that he was being affably drawn out on many subjects useful to an art collector. His pleasant host, by the time dinner was over, knew as much about the last phases of artistic development in England and France as if he had expended time and eyesight upon all the best publications of a twelvemonth. What would you have? We humble folks surely do not expect to be bidden to princely tables for nothing.

Arthur Venning, artist and art critic in a fastidious, limited field, was a capital talker on his own subject. He just escaped being called an amateur, but his work both on paper and canvas, whilst unpretentious in the extreme, possessed qualities many who had made much more of a name might envy. Alike his drawing and his writing showed consummate taste, skill, and finish. He knew what form was—a rare achievement—and had he been poor or ambitious, would doubtless have done much more.

"I can not permit you to go away to-morrow," said the Prince, when the quartette smoked cigarettes on the balcony. What desecration to smoke amid such roses! thought Arthur, who was not wedded to the pastime. "You really must remain my guests one night more."

Arthur accepted delightedly. Harvey tried to look as if the proposal were to his mind. Their host went on: "I am compelled to go to-morrow to my hunting Schloss in the forest, and the thought has occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Harvey Venning would like to drive, whilst Mr. Arthur Venning might prefer to be left behind among the pictures."

"The very privilege I could have asked," Arthur said. "The fact is, with your Highness's leave, I should like to make a few notes of your great masters for the benefit of art lovers at home."

"Do exactly as you please," answered the Prince, evidently charmed at the notion that the fame of his collection would now reach English ears.

"A Velasquez in a remote islet inhabited by a handful of fishermen, your phlegmatic countrymen will be astonished, eh?"

"They will come to see," put in Harvey, mischievously.

"All the better. How the English are loved everywhere on the Continent! How they spend money and flatter us!" laughed the Prince, gayly. Then, with almost a rollicking air, he went on to say that having in view the prosperity of the island—and a good investment—he contemplated building a big hotel and bath just outside the park, and a casino within its very precincts, finally laying down a railway to the landing-place over against the continent.

Arthur looked positively shocked. Was the last little Eden in Europe to be handed over to the tourist by contract—this earthly paradise, if any existed, to be invaded by the building speculator? Every imaginable horror passed before his mind—shrill-voiced elderly ladies with their courier and poodle, transatlantic explorers in bands of fifty, the typical English paterfamilias with his correct family stiff as whalebone, the bustle, the artificiality, the vulgarness of Swiss travel brought to these idyllic woods on the shores of the Baltic!

"Mr. Venning does not seem taken by my plans," continued the host, as he gracefully scattered the ashes of his cigarette among the roses. "But is not taste a Moloch that devours us? Would not an art lover sell the mummy of his grandmother for an old master? And we must all live."

As soon as it grew dusk they went in-doors, and dawdled through the splendid salons, glancing at this *chef-d'œuvre* and that. Arthur looked and listened for a sign of feminine presence, but none came. No women were to be seen anywhere. No delicate belongings indicated even the occasional sojourn of a mistress. And as the evening wore on, the Prince accidentally alluded to his celibate condition. Still Arthur's mind would revert to his adventure with mixed feelings of relief and curiosity. He was pretty certain that no reference would now be made to the circumstance of his first visit. The woman-servant who had opened to him was nowhere to be seen; not a trace of the beautiful sitter; the Prince evidently in ignorance of the whole affair. These reflections were welcome, but he could not resign himself to the thought that the mystery should end there. He must find out who this lady was, and unravel the secret of her sadness and her isolation. But the Prince was going to carry Harvey off to the hunting Schloss in the forest next day. He should have the palace to himself; he would by some means or other solve the problem.

It was late when the party separated, yet Arthur had no inclination for sleep. Vague foreshadowings of trouble disquieted him, and the realities of the day were not altogether agreeable.

We can not put our thoughts into plain language when under a strange roof, but Arthur had already discovered without a word that on one point he and Harvey were of the same mind. They did not feel unreservedly drawn toward their host. Charming as he was, a man of culture and of the world, much travelled, an apt talker, gay, cosmopolitan, something was wanting—just that undefinable something we must have in our friends. And as Arthur lay pondering in the midnight silence he seemed to find in this character he was studying just the glimmering of light, the clew, he wanted. "Yes," he said to himself at last, "I have a clew. How, indeed, can a man choose but carry about with him his life-story written in his face?"

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTERY.

THE travellers woke up to find a perfect day wedded to a perfect place. Within and without prevailed deliciousness. Light showers had fallen during the night, sprinkling the roses with diamonds, whilst as the sun rose high in the heavens the fragrance of the lime-trees was wafted warmly throughout the length and breadth of the park. Under the majestic alleys of silver-fir and pine, and in the dappled glades far away, were coolness and shadow; alike palace, rose garden, and fairy lake lay in warm sunshine. The white statues amid glistening green leaves, the exotics wreathing airy columns, the silvery fountains springing from marble basins, the glow of richness, warmth, and beauty, were enough to make a beholder swear himself in Italy. And wander whichever way he might, his eyes would find the sea, on this superlative July morning, clear turquoise lapping golden sands.

Close about the palace all loveliness and witchery reached their acme, yet the picture was incomplete: it wanted a beautiful woman. So at least Arthur thought as he lingered among the statuary and the orange-trees before going indoors to revel in another kind of enchantment. He could not conceive of any man taking pleasure in such a place alone. Such camellias should grow for a girl's fair head; such roses should put the finishing touch to the dress of a beauty. The orangery looked cold for want of an exquisite gown. The Prince had carried Harvey off betimes, saying they should not be back till dinner-time, so that Arthur had the day and the place to himself. He was free to do as he pleased, and wander whither he would.

At last he went in-doors, and, in accordance with his host's suggestion, very carefully and observantly made the round of the state drawing-room. Amid the works of art that met his eyes on every side, a Canova here, a Thorwaldsen there, sculpture predominating in this room, his attention was soon riveted by a man's head in marble, evidently a modern *chef-d'œuvre*, and the likeness of a face that he seemed to know. He looked, and looked, and looked again. Where had he seen that well-shaped head, that cold yet admirable contour, that beautifully proportioned throat? He started and smiled to himself. How was it that he now for the first time discovered his host to be one of the handsomest men he had ever seen? Stooping down, he found the name of an Italian sculptor engraved on the base, and in juxtaposition the word "Roma," with a date.

The bust was seven years old, and in the interval the sitter had grown a beard—quite reason enough for non-recognition at first sight. But the excellence of the work, considered from an artistic point of view, fascinated. It was a masterpiece both of design and execution, a striking achievement of imagination as well as critical faculties of a high order. Opening his sketch-book, he amused himself by making a copy.

So absorbed he grew in his task that when, half an hour later, the door behind him was unclosed softly, he did not observe the sound. As soon, however, as a footfall touched the polished floor close by his chair, he turned carelessly round to see who the intruder might be. The genial occupation of the last half-hour had driven all irrelevant thoughts and stray conjectures out of his head. Bent solely on making a fair copy of the fine piece of sculpture before him, not once had the dominant fancy of the day before disturbed his mood. The sad, ineffably lonely apparition in black was for the moment forgotten.

On a sudden she was there, looking sadder, even more beautiful, than before. She wore the same kind of dress, noiseless, nun-like drapery of funereal black, only relieved by a white lace kerchief knotted about her throat, and on her bosom a bunch of the white starry flowers Arthur knew. They were the rare flowers he had found growing on the island, the flowers Elizabeth so loved for her dead sister's sake. He sprang to his feet, overcome with surprise and pleasure. He was about to speak, to explain, to apologize, when without a word the lady silenced him.

"Do not speak to me, do not look at me," her face said, as she swiftly and noiselessly crossed the room. No written mandate plainer, no vehement utterance more imperative, than the glance she gave him as she drew near. He stood dumfounded, yet secretly on the alert. In silence the charge was given; in silence the pledge accorded. So far the two entirely understood each other.

But the little scene did not end here. Arthur's naturally quick perceptions, sharpened by the lady's meaning glance, told him that her coming was not accidental, that she had something further to say to him. He watched her passage from one end of the room to the other, therefore, with apparently careless yet vigilant eyes, waiting for a further sign. The manner of giving it was simple. As the black-robed figure now traversed the salon from end to end, she was obliged to pass the chair on which he had deposited his note-books and sketching blocks. So deftly and noiselessly that the action must have been unperceived, even had others been by, she here let fall from her hand a folded paper; then passed on. Arthur sprang forward to open the opposite door, waited automatically to close it upon her, and returned to his bust as if nothing had happened. The lady's manner impressed upon him the necessity of extreme caution, so that he durst not venture on taking any notice of the missive for the present. Not till a fair silhouette had been made and the sketch-book laid down, could he contrive to satisfy his curiosity.

There were only a few pencilled words in English, and they were these:

"I have something to say to you. By the iron-bound oak on the eastern confines of the park, in an hour's time, we could talk unobserved."

In an hour's time! Arthur set to work upon his memoranda with extraordinary zeal. What would the Prince think if he should find nothing done during his absence? A whole long summer day, and not a note worth mentioning. So with desperate determination to put away all conjecture and all personality for three-quarters of an hour, he began to jot down a few critical remarks upon the great pictures in the gallery.

For nothing short of a picture-gallery was this sumptuous reception-room; and as he passed from canvas to canvas he found the minutes fly despairingly fast. He should have to stay another day at the palace, and what would Harvey say to that?

Still, three-quarters of an hour may be turned to excellent account when the faculties are sharpened by mixed feelings of bewilderment and responsibility. Arthur was bound to keep his word to his host. He was all the same bound to stay a lady's bidding. By the time he must set off in search of the iron-bound oak he had covered a dozen pages with apt and serviceable notes.

The eastern confines of the park lay far away from the palace and its enticing precincts in an inland direction. Here, instead of close-shaven lawns and stately avenues, fairy dells and winding walks, was a wilderness of tangled grass and undergrowth. The wild deer might be seen sporting amid these solitudes, and far as the eye could reach stretched the interminable forest. Where, indeed, the park ended, the forest began. Arthur's quick eye soon discerned an ancient oak with straggling, leafless branches, and battered sides held together by massive iron bands.

There was a moss-grown rustic seat under its branches, but umbrageous shadow no longer, and the very birds and butterflies had long forsaken it. Bare and desolate it stood in its hoary age—a Lear of the forest world. Without glancing round, Arthur seated himself on the wooden bench, and pulling out a sketch-book, began to draw the picturesque scene before him. How could he feel sure that he was not watched? This meeting must appear purely accidental to possible observers.

As he waited, putting many surmises and suggestions together, light dawned on his mind. He seemed hardly to need any explanation on the part of the lady now. Her history had already revealed itself to him. He felt sure that he knew the saddest and weightiest things she had to tell. By-and-by he saw her coming. If so lovely in her sadness, what must she be in a moment of joy?

For the life of him Arthur could not help putting down his sketch-book and gazing at the picture she made as she emerged from the wood. It was, above all, the dignity of the black-robed figure that struck him then. A woman may be perfect without absolute beauty if she possesses this admirable gift of dignity, and not possessing it, wants all things in certain fastidious eyes. Arthur Venning could not remember having seen any one who so nearly approached his ideal of feminine excellence. The look, the manner, the indescribable something that makes every human being what he is, were faultless, to his thinking, the pathetic wistfulness and look of appeal heightening her beauty. All was impressive, not to be matched, still less forgotten or described.

Agitated and expectant, he sprang to his feet and bared his head as she drew near.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

BY PROFESSOR E. L. YOUMANS.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science meets this year in Montreal, commencing Wednesday, August 27. This is probably the largest and most influential scientific body in the world, and its coming across the Atlantic to hold a regular session on this continent is a striking illustration of the vigor and enterprise of that great scientific movement which is rapidly becoming the leading power of civilization. We propose briefly to refer to the history of this association, and to notice some of the prominent men who are announced to participate in the proceedings of the Canada meeting, and whose portraits are given on another page of the WEEKLY.

The British Association was established over half a century ago (1831), and was called into existence because the time had come for a new organization of wider influence, devoted to the general advancement of science. Scientific societies and academies were already numerous, and successful in their way; but they were local and isolated, and the need began to be strongly felt for an association of a new type, on a broader basis, that should bring the widely separated cultivators of science into more intimate intercourse, that should act upon larger masses of the community, attract more educated men into the field of scientific labor, and gain the various important advantages of more comprehensive co-operation. In order to act with increasing power upon the community at large, the Association was made migratory, its policy being to hold its annual meetings, of a week's duration, successively in the chief cities of the kingdom. Its main object was, of course, to promote the work of original scientific research in its various directions, yet, more than any other scientific institution, it was intended to come into close relations with the people, and help to awaken a more general and a deeper interest in scientific subjects. The scientific labors of preceding centuries had already begun to tell powerfully toward the general enlightenment and the liberalization of thought, and the rise of the British Association was coincident with various growing tendencies toward popular improvement, with political ameliorations, with increasing efforts for the extension of education and the wider diffusion of valuable knowledge. As science had already been the most powerful agency in bringing about this general quickening of thought, it was necessary that it should adapt itself more perfectly to the requirements of the times and the growing needs of a better-educated public.

Although an experiment, the British Association was successful from the start. It disavowed all intention of rivalry with older scientific societies, and there was no jealousy of its influence on their part. The ablest men in all departments of science entered cordially into its work, and the most illustrious scientists of England, such as Buckland, Sedgwick, Whewell, Herschel, Murchison, Brewster, Airy, Lyell, Grove, Hooker, Huxley, Thomson, and Tyndall, have been among its presidents. It has carried out its purpose of giving a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry, of promoting the intercourse of the cultivators of science, of securing more general attention to its objects, and of removing public impediments to its progress; and so highly valued have been its method and its results, that associations in imitation of it have been organized in the United States and in different Continental countries.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1440.

The British Association has had an active share in the scientific work of the last fifty years, incomparably the most productive period in the history of human thought. The achievements of research, the progress made in unravelling the mysteries of nature, and the inventive applications of newly acquired power to the arts of life that have signalized the last half-century are among the most brilliant triumphs of the human mind. Since the British Association began its work, telegraphy, photography, spectrum analysis, anæsthetics, railroads, ocean steam navigation, the telephone, and countless other discoveries and contrivances have changed the face of civilization, and borne splendid witness to the nobleness of the objects which such scientific organizations are designed to promote. Centuries of intellectual toil in the direction of science had yielded but slight results; but as methods and appliances were matured, and that more efficient co-operation of which the British Association is the pre-eminent example was secured, there began that magnificent fruitage of benign results which has so profoundly affected the interests of modern society.

The movement of science is not only an advance, but a widening. It expands ideas, unifies knowledge, and constantly attracts new influences within the scope of its ever-extending activity. It brings its cultivators together from all countries, animated by a common spirit, and devoted to common objects. It is thus a harmonizing and consolidating agency among men, and is more and more becoming international in its operations. The coming of the British Association to Montreal is thus a kind of new departure, a breaking away from the narrow and the local, and an entrance upon a broader policy. The Montreal meeting is to be immediately followed by the annual gathering of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which convenes in Philadelphia September 4, and many members of the former body are expected to be present at the latter meeting. We understand that it is proposed to use this favorable occasion to inaugurate an International Scientific Congress, a permanent organization to meet in different countries, after the plan of the International Medical Congress. There would be much important work to do for such an association, and it is to be hoped that the arrangement will be carried out.

The last year's meeting of the British Association was held at Southport, under the presidency of Professor Arthur Cayley, the celebrated mathematician (born in 1821), who was elected Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Cambridge in 1863. He is a fellow of the Royal, of the Royal Astronomical, and various other learned societies, and has contributed many abstruse papers to their Transactions. He has been president of the Astronomical Society, and in 1882 received the Copley medal from the Royal Society for his profound mathematical researches.

Professor Cayley will resign the presidential chair at the opening of the meeting in Montreal to his successor, Professor Lord Rayleigh, who will preside at the present meeting. Several distinguished noblemen—Prince Albert, the Dukes of Argyll and Northumberland, Lord Wrottesley, and others—have been presidents of the British Association, which has given rise to the insinuation that it had a weakness for great titles, but there are sound reasons for the policy. The nobleman who will preside at Montreal is, however, not merely a lord, but a man of distinguished ability, and well entitled to the honor. Lord Rayleigh (John William Strutt) was born November 12, 1842, and succeeded to his father's title in 1873. At Cambridge he was a brilliant student, and in the severe competitions attained the highest honors of Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize man. He is a fellow of Trinity College, and also a fellow of the Royal Society. He is Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, the author of various scientific memoirs, and of an important work on Sound.

One of the interesting features of the British Association, which illustrates its sympathy with popular science, is the provision it makes each year for the delivery of lectures by its best speakers to the citizens of the town where the meeting is held. Such men as Tyndall, Lubbock, Huxley, and Carpenter are usually called to this service, and this year a lecture is to be given by Dr. R. S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, on the subject of "Comets." Dr. Ball was born in 1840, is a man of many honors, and has published much on mathematics, astronomy, and physical science. He is said to be especially attractive and racy as a lecturer, and we are glad to learn that he is to give a course before the Lowell Institute in Boston. If the citizens of New York do not invite him to repeat them, we suspect they will miss a great treat. Other similar lectures are also to be given at Montreal.

Sir John Lubbock, permanent trustee of the British Association, and its president in 1881, at the semi-centennial or "Jubilee" meeting, held at York, is expected to be present at Montreal. He is a man who combines in a remarkable degree versatility and solidity, having achieved well-earned distinction as a naturalist, an anthropologist, and a legislator. He is an acute observer, the author of many successful works, a member of Parliament, an indefatigable reformer, and has carried through the House of Commons no fewer than fourteen important public measures of the most diverse character. He went to a private school, thence to Eton, from which he was transferred to his father's bank in Lombard Street at the age of fourteen. His business is that of a banker, and he is at the head of an institution which has existed for generations. He has done an immense amount of work for a man of fifty.

Another of the former presidents of the British Association, who presided over the meeting at Norwich in 1868, and who has been also president of the Royal Society, is Sir Joseph Hooker. He is director of the Kew Gardens, and the greatest English authority on botanical science. He has travelled extensively in several continents for the advancement of his favorite science, and has published various important works upon it. He was an early and stanch evolutionist. Born in 1817.

Sir William Thomson will honor the Montreal meeting with his presence. Like Dr. Hooker, he has been in this country before, and he was also president of the British Association at its meeting in Edinburgh in 1871. He is well known as a mathematician and a physicist, and as having given especial attention to electrical investigations. Though a practical inventor and a skillful experimenter, he is deep in mathematics, and much given to abstruse researches. He is most popularly known through his connection with submarine telegraphy, having invented the mirror-galvanometer, and the siphon-recorder, which, owing to their extreme delicacy, can be worked by very low battery power. On the successful completion of the Atlantic cable in 1866 he received the honor of knighthood. He was born in Belfast in 1824, graduated at Cambridge in 1845, and in 1846 was made Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which position he still retains. He has lectured at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and is to give another course there in the coming autumn.

The Rev. Thomas G. Bonney, Professor of Geolgy in University College, London, is the secretary of the British Association. He was born in 1833, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1856. In 1857 he was ordained, and for two years held a curacy in St. John's Church, Westminster, but has subsequently devoted himself to science, with conspicuous success as an original worker in geology and petrology He is the author of various works, some of them theological, but his contributions to the proceedings of the Royal Society and to the principal British journals of science have been numerous and important.

It is hardly to be supposed that the bold and, as it first appeared, entirely impracticable step of going three thousand miles to hold a meeting of the Association originated with its habitual managers. The credit of suggesting it belongs to John T. Lewis, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Ontario; but the credit of carrying it through, and making it a practical project, is due to Captain Bedford Pim. For this kind of enterprise Captain Pim seems to be well adapted, as he is a man of adventure, whose career has been upon the sea, circumnavigating the globe, piercing the polar regions, and carrying on naval operations. Quitting the ocean at length, he studied law, and in 1874 was sent to Parliament. He has been a strenuous advocate of the "Nicaragua route," has published various works on geographical and kindred subjects, and is a member of several scientific societies.

The president of the Anthropological Section of the British Association for the present year is Mr. E. B. Tylor, the distinguished author of *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, *Primitive Culture*, and various publications on ethnological and archæological subjects. He was born in 1832, and early devoted himself to the study of the races of mankind, their history, language, and civilization. He is a member of the Royal Society, president of the Anthropological Society, and a high authority on the subjects to which he has devoted himself.

Professor Henry E. Roscoe is president of the Chemical Section. He was born in 1833, is descended from the Roscoes of Liverpool, where he was educated at the High School, and subsequently at University College, London, and at Heidelberg. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Owens College, Manchester, in 1858, and elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1863. He is the author of a book on spectrum analysis, and in connection with Professor Schorlemmer has just passed through the press a standard work on the subject of chemistry, in several volumes.

Prominent in the management of the Montreal meeting is Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, the distinguished chemist and geologist, who, although born in Connecticut and a student at Yale, became connected with the Geological Survey of Canada in 1847, and is still a resident of Montreal. He devoted himself to chemistry, and early developed original views on chemical theory, which anticipated some of the profound changes in the science which have only recently been generally accepted. But Dr. Hunt's main field of work has been in chemical geology, the results of which are to be found in an essay on the "Chemistry of the Earth" in the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1869, and in his address as retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1871. His contributions to European and American scientific societies and journals are numerous, and a collection of them was published in 1874. His latest work is on the *Coal and Iron in Southern Ohio*. The importance of Dr. Hunt's scientific labors is attested by many honors from learned bodies both at home and abroad.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who has figured prominently in British science for a generation, was born in Bengal in 1819. At a very early age he took especial interest in chemistry, and coming to England, studied that science under the celebrated Thomas Graham. In 1838 he went to Giessen to pursue organic chemistry under Liebig, and we first knew him as a translator of Liebig's works into English. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and subsequently at the Museum of Practical Geology in London. At the great exhibition of 1862 he had charge of the department of juries, and was intrusted with the appointment of the jurors, who numbered upward of six hundred persons, consisting of the most eminent men in science and industry of all countries of Europe. Dr. Playfair was elected president of the Chemical Society of London in 1857, and in 1858 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. He was elected a member of Parliament for the universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in 1868, and officiated as Speaker of the House of Commons. Professor Playfair has been active in the improvement of manufacturing processes, in the advancement of technical education, and especially in the promotion of measures of public sanitation. He has written many scientific memoirs, and honors of all sorts have been showered upon him with unusual profusion. He has recently married an American wife, and visits this country often.

William Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., was born in 1838, and was the first Burdett-Coutts geological scholar at Oxford. He pursued geology, became connected with her Majesty's Geological Survey of Great Britain in 1862, and Professor of Geology at Owens College in 1874. He was appointed in 1882 a member of the scientific committee of the Channel Tunnel, and intrusted with the geological survey of the English and French coasts for that enterprise. He is best known by his works on *Cave-Hunting and the Early Inhabitants of Europe*, and *Early Man in Britain and his Place in the Tertiary Period*. He holds independent views on prehistoric man in Europe, which were brought out in a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute in 1880.

James Glaisher has become famous as a meteorologist, especially in connection with aeronautics. The manner in which he turned to scientific account the results of his observations and experiments in his balloon voyages above the clouds was much appreciated in the world of science, and led to his election as a fellow of the Royal Society in 1849. He has published on the navigation of the air, and in 1865 was appointed to succeed Admiral Fitzroy in the control of the meteorological department of the Board of Trade.

Dr. Edward Frankland, one of the most distinguished of the English chemists, was born in 1825; and after studying at the Museum of Practical Geology, pursued his chemical education in the universities of Marburg and Giessen. He has received many honors, both English and Continental, for his multifarious chemical labors. He was professor in the Royal College of Chemistry and in Owens College, has made many researches in organic chemistry, and on the sanitary relations of air, water, drainage, river pollution, etc. His public services of this kind are held in high esteem.

The British Association will hold its sessions in McGill University, Montreal—an institution of excellent repute, which it owes in no small degree to the eminent position of its principal, Dr. John William Dawson. Principal Dawson was born in Nova Scotia in 1820. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and returning home, devoted himself to the natural history and geology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the results of which were embodied in his work on *Acadian Geology*. He accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his exploration of those regions. Among his numerous contributions to geological science is the discovery of the *Eozoön canadense* of the Laurentian limestone, the oldest known form of animal life. Dr. Dawson is a high authority in all that appertains to fossil botany. He has led a life of great scientific activity, making numerous explorations, contributing much to the proceedings of learned societies, and is the author of many important scientific works. Besides raising McGill University to its present position, Dr. Dawson has been Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, had the care of a normal school, and taken much interest in agricultural education. He is an excellent speaker, and has lectured a good deal in England and in the United States. He is a vigorous opponent of the theory of general land glaciation, and also of "extreme Darwinism." Dr. Dawson was elected fellow of the Royal Society in 1862, and was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting held in Montreal in 1882. Canadian science finds in him her ablest representative, and it is no doubt largely through his eminent influence that the British Association has been attracted across the Atlantic to Montreal.

SOME EVENTS OF THE RACING SEASON.

One circumstance, or perhaps it is better to say one train of circumstances, must have attracted the attention of those who have regularly visited the race-course at Monmouth Park this season. I refer to the remarkable success which Mr. Pierre Lorillard has achieved with his two-year-old fillies bred from imported Mortemer. This stallion was, until Mr. Lorillard purchased him, one of the most famous horses in the French stud. His sons and daughters have had many victories placed to their credit. The price paid for him by his present owner was high, but his "get" has, I fancy, more than paid for the purchase at the Monmouth meeting alone.

Consider, for instance, the race for the Champion Stallion Stakes, which was won by Mortemer's daughter Wanda. The Champion Stallion Stakes, as the entries filled this year, were the richest ever run for on the American turf, if private matches are excepted. They are offered for two-year-old colts and fillies at $250 each, with $5000 added by the Monmouth Park Association to a subscription of $500 each by owners of stallions whose get alone shall be qualified to start. There were to this year's race twenty-five subscribing owners at $500 each, making $12,500, and twelve competitors at $250 each, making $3000. Both of these amounts, added to the $5000 offered by the Association, made the stakes worth $20,500. After deducting the various amounts which went to the second and third horses, the fat stakes of $17,500 were left to the owner of the winner, provided he were also the owner of the stallion.

A noble array came to the post for this race. E. J. Baldwin had brought from his Palo Alto Stable three fillies of the Grinstead strain, viz., Verano, Volante, and Mission Belle; of Virgil's descendants there were the Dwyer Brothers' colt Richmond; Mr. Kelso's Saltpetre acknowledged the paternity of Glenelg; Springbok sent the Clipsiana Stable's Goano and East Lynne; Billet, Mr. Kelso's Brookwood; Alarm, Mr. Kittson's Pardee; and Reform, Eachus. Mr. Lorillard was represented by Mortemer's Wanda and Chimera.

Verano, Volante, and Mission Belle, who presented a gorgeous appearance in the black and red Maltese cross of the Palo Alto, were considered dangerous competitors as they cantered past the stand during the warming-up process, with Ike Murphy, the crack colored jockey of the country, on Verano. Mr. Edgar Johnson, Governor Hoadly's law partner, consented to act as starter for this important event. The starting has not been very brilliant this season at Monmouth, owing to the regular starter's leniency. Mr. Johnson warned the jockeys that they would be severely punished for delaying the start by unfair means, and the warning worked like a charm. The flag fell after but two breakaways. The bunch, excepting Pardee and Eachus, swept forward with a great rush. Barely a second later the bunch was drawn out into a line, and it was seen that Mr. Kelso's Saltpetre was in the lead, with P. Lorillard's colors on Wanda close up to him, and the Clipsiana Stable's Goano third. As they went down the back-stretch, the Lorillard cherry shot up to the Kelso red, white, and blue, and then showed half a length in front, Saltpetre falling back, and Goano capturing second place. Then Ike Murphy was seen urging Verano forward. She glided up to Goano, and dropping her, reached Wanda. The friends of the home stable lost heart for a moment as the red Maltese cross of the Palo Alto flashed in the lead at the half-mile post, and entered the turn in front. But it was only a moment, for, with a grand burst of speed, while the rafters rang with cheer after cheer, Wanda went to the front again. Further and further she flew away from the bunch. There was no reaching her. Without a touch of the whip, she cantered home a winner by three lengths, securing for Mr. Lorillard the $17,500 stakes. Goano was second. If Wanda had given out, Chimera would have been ready to do the work. In a previous dash of three-quarters of a mile Goano got a lead of six lengths. But Chimera overhauled the colt, and beat him home in splendid style.

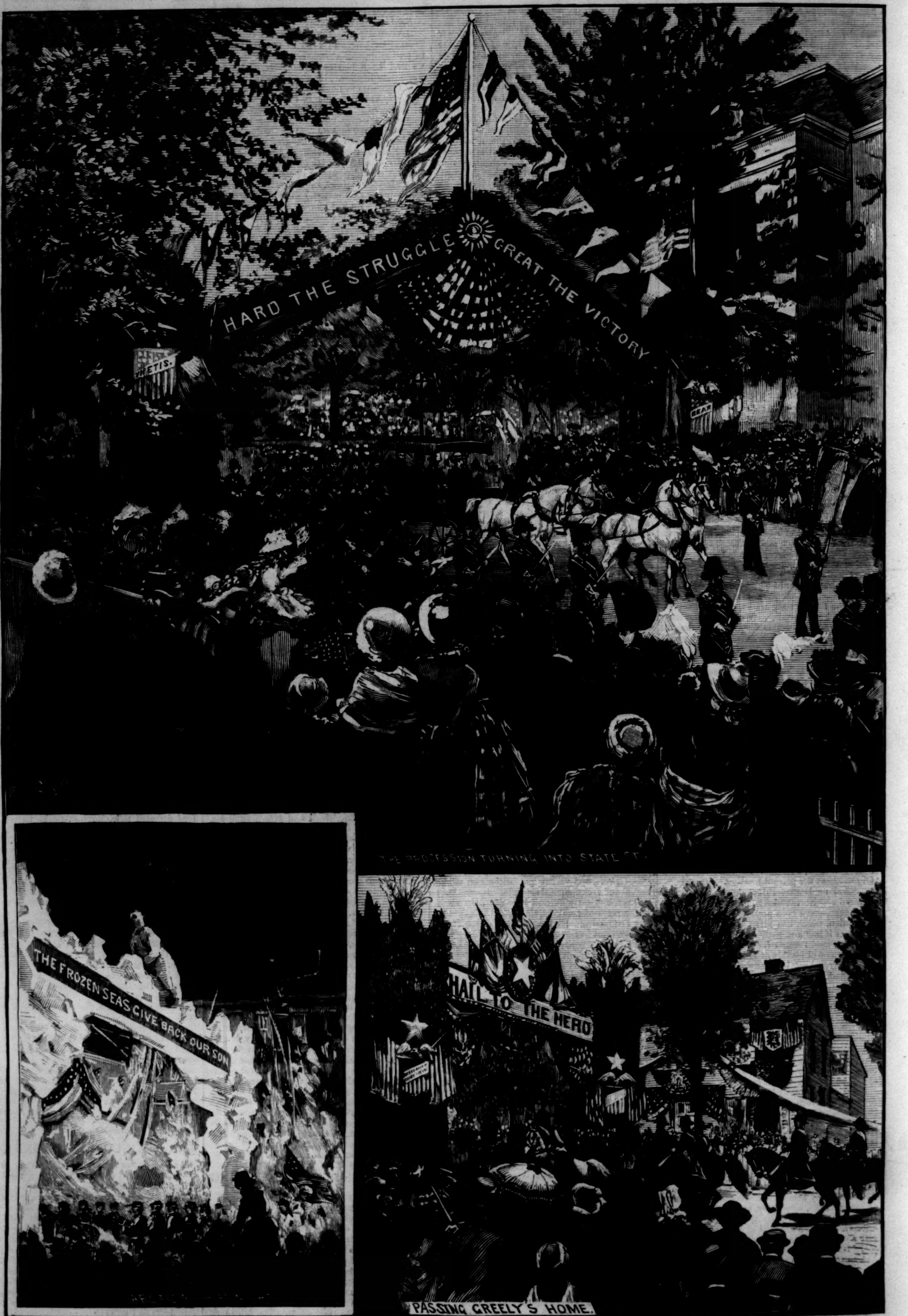
Another event of much importance was the race for the Champion Stakes. In this Miss Woodford defeated Eole, Monitor, Drake Carter, and Freda. Miss Woodford has thus retained an unbroken record of success as a four-year-old. Miss Woodford is not only a fast racer, but a beauty.

The most important race of last week was that for the Omnibus Stakes, for three-year-olds, at $100 each for starters, with $5000 added, of which $2500 to the winner, $1000 to the second, $1000 to the nominator of the winner, and $500 to the nominator of the second. The distance was a mile and a half. The presence of Mr. Kittson's Rataplan and Mr. D. D. Withers's sturdy youngster the Mimi colt, insured an exciting struggle. When the flag fell, Rataplan got off with the lead. He cut out the pace, with the Mimi colt running second all the way to the quarter post, G. L. Lorillard's Thackeray meanwhile in third place, Mr. Rye's Bob Cook fourth. On the back-stretch Bob Cook glided past the colt and crept up to the leader. By the half-mile post he was on even terms with Rataplan, and on the lower turn got his head in front, the Mimi colt running easily in third place. Do what he would, Bob Cook could get no further way from Rataplan than he was on the lower turn until near the home-stretch, where he came swiftly forward. The crowd was shouting "Bob Cook!" when, with the utmost ease, the Mimi colt galloped to the front, winning by four lengths.

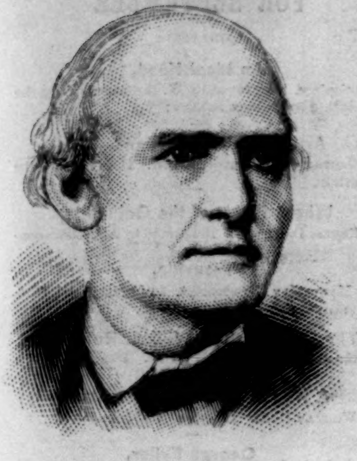
Gustav Kobbé.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

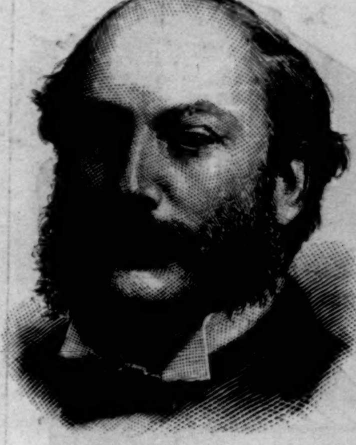
An English war correspondent, Mr. Prior, states that the principal expenses of such a journalist are not his salary, but his outfit and his means of locomotion. He can never be sure that either food or drink can be obtained at the seat of war. In one campaign Mr. Prior took out with him $200 worth of canned goods alone, while saddles, clothes, boots, drawing materials, and cash were in abundance. In the Zulu war he travelled more comfortably than any member of the staff of the commanding general. He had five horses, and on the eve of the battle of Ulundi was the only man who had a tent. Officers in command of troops have no objection whatever to war correspondents so long as victory perches on their banners; but when defeat comes they detest a war correspondent in proportion to his truthfulness as a narrator, making all sorts of imputations not only upon his accuracy, but also upon his personal character.


HARD THE STRUGGLE GREAT THE VICTORY
THETIS.
THE PROCESSION TURNING INTO STATE ST.
THE FROZEN SEAS GIVE BACK OUR SON
HAIL TO THE HERO
PASSING GREELY'S HOME.

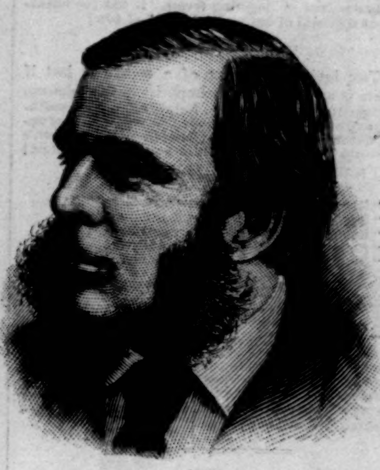
THE RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT GREELY AT NEWBURYPORT.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 548.]



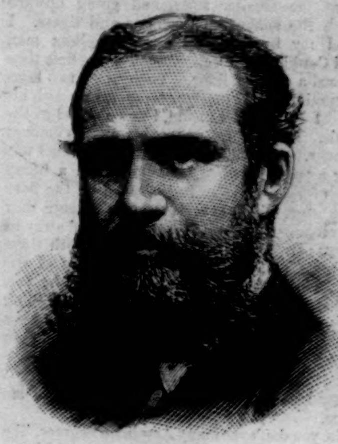
PROF. ARTHUR CAYLEY, Retiring President.



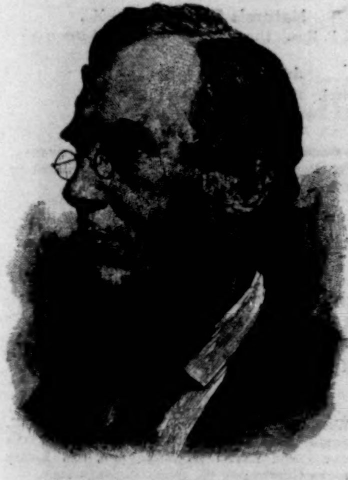
LORD RAYLEIGH, President-Elect.



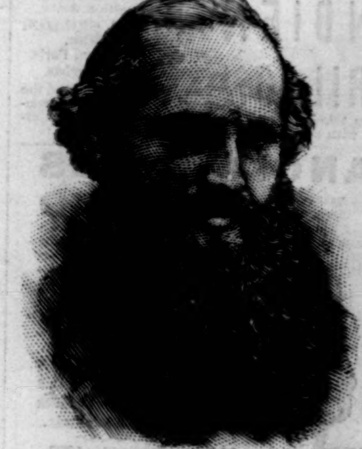
DR. R. S. BALL.



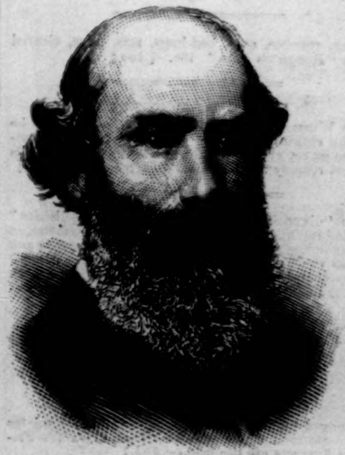
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.



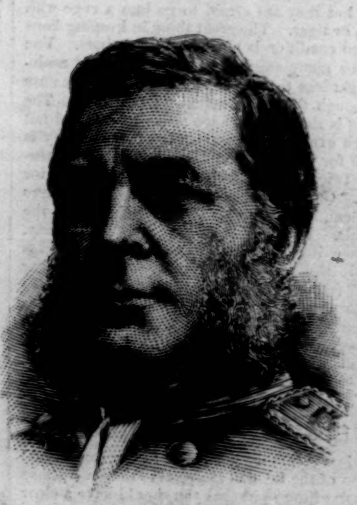
SIR JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER.



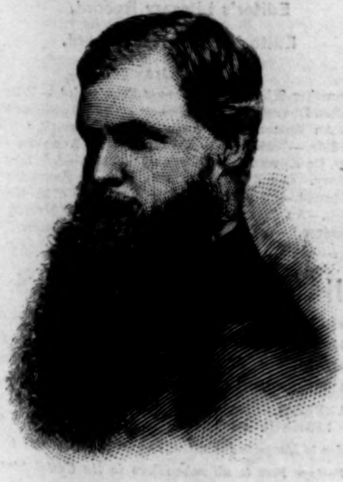
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.



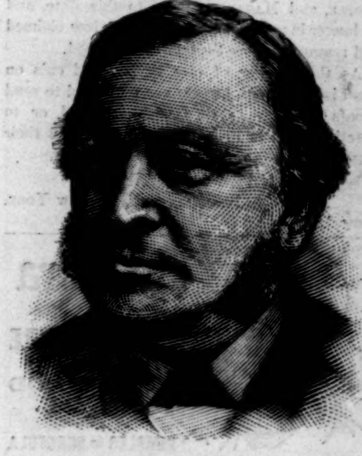
THE REV. THOMAS G. BONNEY.



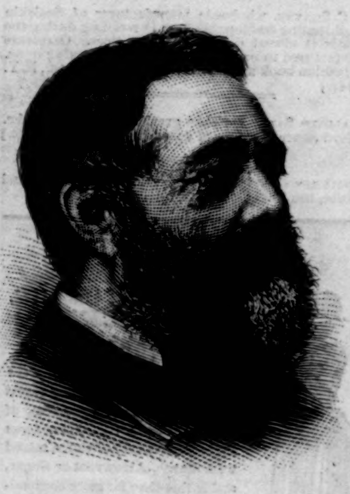
CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM.



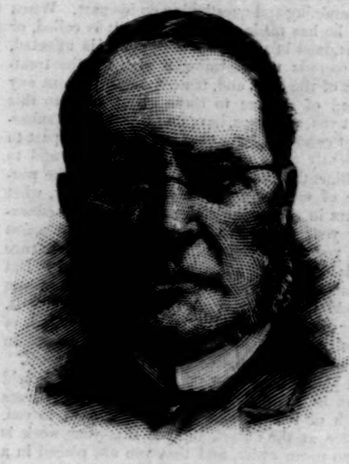
E. B. TYLOR.



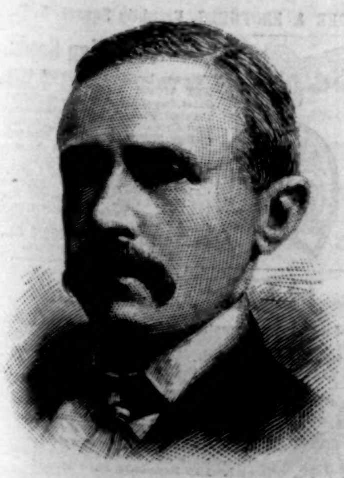
PROF. HENRY E. ROSCOE.



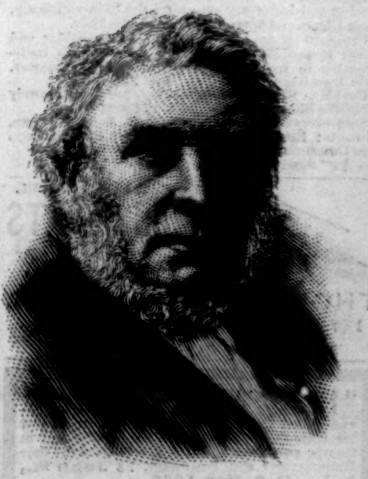
DR. THOMAS STERRY HUNT.



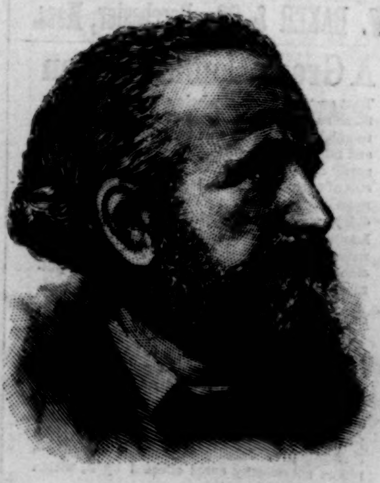
SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.



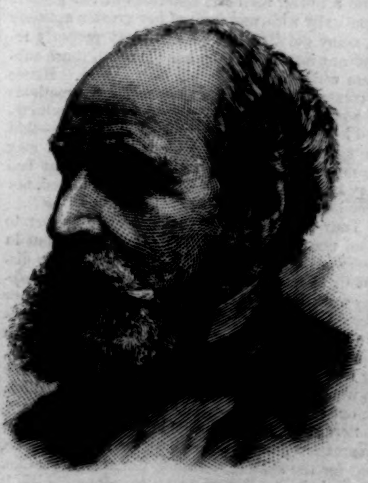
WILLIAM BOYD DAWKINS.



JAMES GLAISHER.



DR. EDWARD FRANKLAND.



DR. JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.—PORTRAITS OF SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS.—[See Page 552.]

IN THE LIONS' DEN.

"No, I never feel nervous," said Cetywayo, otherwise Mr. Porter, the colored man who exercises the lions at the London Aquarium. "You see, I worked my way up among animals, beginning at the smaller sorts, and going upward through the snakes to the lions and tigers. I learned my business under an excellent man named Conkling. I well remember the first time I entered a cage of lions. There were two lions and one tiger. My master stood outside with his whip. I did not feel afraid, I was so used to the animals. Yes, of course, there is a certain amount of danger. For instance, a short time since I was giving a 'parade' when there had been a heavy storm of rain, and my foot slipped on the floor of the cage, which was wet. In a minute they were all upon me, and began 'chawing' away at my leg. However, I had a 'turn up' with them with my whip, and managed to get out of the cage. That job laid me up in hospital for two months. There is not much difficulty in teaching lions to jump over fire. You see, they soon get into the way of jumping over the board, and then the rest is easily managed. The lion that lies down at the end of the cage is the quietest; but he would be the worst of the lot if he saw his chance.

"No, you don't see many American negroes, like myself, at this business. The native Africans and the native West Indians are best at it, used as they are to live in the neighborhood of wild beasts. The natives of India are brave enough when 'beating' on a hunting expedition in the open, but they are afraid to go into a cage with a lion or tiger. The great thing in keeping lions in good condition is not to overfeed them. You will see many animals in menageries and zoological gardens that do not look as healthy as ours do, though they have actually more room. The reason is that they get too much to eat, and not enough exercise. Ten pounds of meat a day is ample for any lion. Besides, you see, ours perform twice daily. And the work is good for them. On Sundays we cut up bullocks' livers for them, and that acts like medicine upon the animals. Yes, that cage cost a lot of money. You see, it closes down like a telescope until it is only three or four feet high. That tusker there" (pointing to the large elephant that drags in the cage) "is a devil. He has killed three keepers already, and he tried to pin me against the wall yesterday. No, thanks, I don't drink. It's bad for the nerves, and one wants them in good order for our business."

NURSING AND DOCTORING.

It is very desirable (says the accomplished matron of the London Hospital to those who have the care of the sick) that you should have a clear idea of what a doctor is, and what relation you as nurses bear to him. The doctor, when called to a sick person, first turns his attention to finding out what is the matter. This may be very obvious, such as a broken leg, an epileptic fit, or an attack of measles; or it may require a good deal of examining and questioning on his part. When once he has made a diagnosis, as it is called, or ascertained in what way the patient is affected, he proceeds to determine a plan for the treatment of the case, and, if need be, to prevent any spread of disease to those about. Up to this point you, as nurses, have no place. In the subsequent conduct of the case it will be your part to efficiently carry out the doctor's orders, and to intelligently and carefully observe, for the purpose of reporting with absolute accuracy, what occurs in the doctor's absence. It is by educating your perceptive faculties in this direction that you may become of such valuable assistance in aiding the cure and alleviation of the sick. But important, and very important, as it is that you should be strictly accurate in such points, it is, after all, as agents in administering a system of relief to the patient that you find your place. In the treatment of the case you have your work.

A plan, based upon scientific principles, is laid down by the doctor to himself, and he intrusts much of the carrying out of that plan to you. Hence, at the outset, you see that your work is of no mean order, and that you are placed in a responsible position, requiring intelligence and skill; that, in fact, you are the practicers of an *art*, now acknowledged to be such, and which depends for much of its advancement upon *you*. No doctor can refuse to learn of some matters from a nurse, for he is conscious of her greater familiarity with, and even of her greater aptitude in, many details; but he will most properly resent any interference on her part with those subjects which are within his own sphere. Hence it comes that you have to consider the methods of administering relief. How to make poultices, and how to put them on; not *why* and *when*—that rests with the doctor. How best a patient may be made comfortable in bed, and how that bed may be made; not why he should go to bed, nor how long he should remain there.

Your work as sisters and nurses is neither to rival nor interfere with that of doctors; but in every sense to *help* them. Is not nursing so distinctly a woman's work chiefly because it is *helping* work if it is rightly done? This has been, or should be, the characteristic of woman's work from the creation; so it is by no means taking a lower standard for ourselves to acknowledge this, or rather to aim that it should be so, and I think in working we can not do better than keep this idea in our minds.

Scrupulously avoid anything which approaches to amateur doctoring, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of the whole nursing profession. It prejudices all who come in contact with it against the education of nurses, and is held in as much contempt by all really accomplished nurses as any other sort of quackery is by duly qualified practitioners.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

Dr. T. G. Comstock, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."—[*Adv.*]

The invigorating rest of a smoke is lost if there is any suspicion of impurity in the tobacco. Drugged fragrance is poison. Nature's flavors are soothing and healthful. Every smoker has a guarantee of unadulterated quality when he fills a pipe with Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, or rolls it into a cigarette.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
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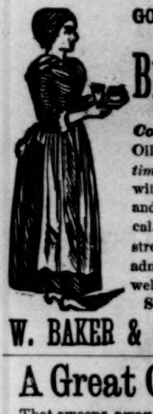

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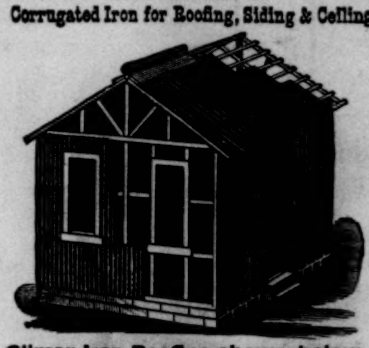

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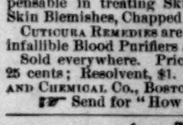

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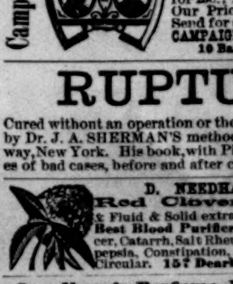

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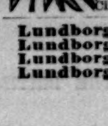

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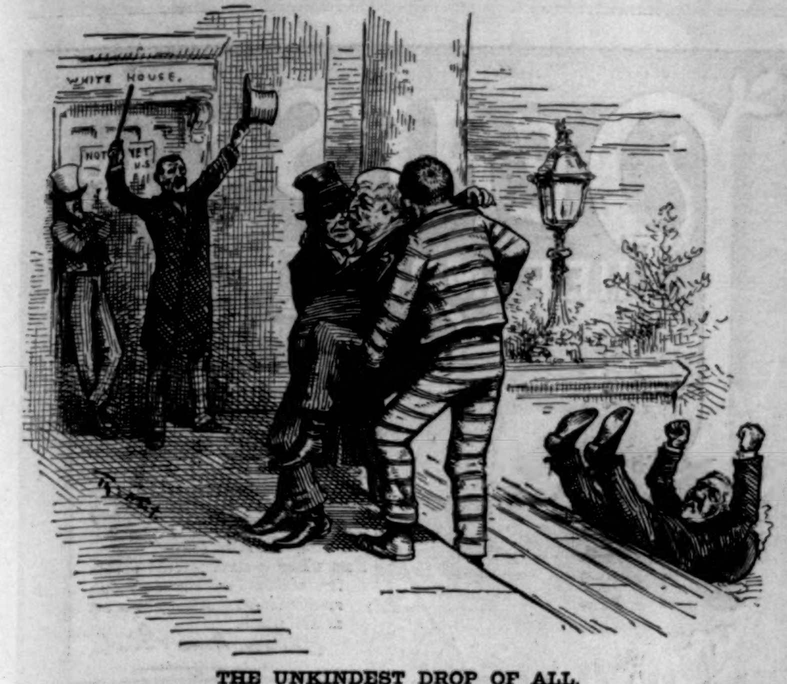
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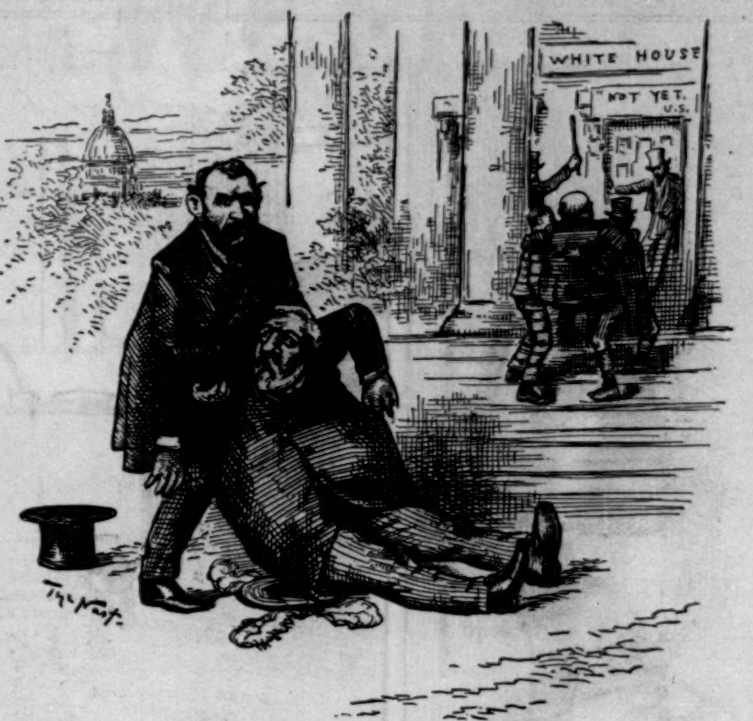

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